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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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TRUSTS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

IN *Men and Measures of Half a Century*, Mr. HUGH McCULLOCH, who was twice Secretary of the Treasury, and one of the ablest men who ever served at the head of the Department, wrote this, in speaking of trusts:

"There is no country of which I have any knowledge in which business of all descriptions is so steadily falling into fewer and fewer hands, in which combinations are so powerful and individuals so powerless, as the United States—no country in which the solution of the labor question may be more difficult. We have yet to learn that there may be as little personal freedom under republican institutions as under monarchies, and that the best efforts of all good citizens should be to prevent the great republic from being a free country in name only."

These words were written ten years ago, and that the foreboding fears expressed by Mr. McCULLOCH were justified is shown by the increased powers of trusts since then, and especially by their larger influence in politics and over legislation.

It is high time, however, that the economic and political questions arising from the growth and spread of trusts should be met, not as they are being met in New York, but by intelligent men determined to solve the problems thus presented to modern society. Mr. LEXOW and his Republican associates in the Legislature are not the men for this important task. Even if they possess sufficient intelligence, their sincerity is not beyond question. An investigation of the kind that Mr. LEXOW has undertaken should be conducted not only by men of large ability, but by men whose reputations for absolute integrity and fair-mindedness are so great that whatever report they make will be accepted as the result of a thorough probing, and, so far as the facts go, as the final word. Whatever may be Mr. LEXOW'S merits as a lawyer and a legislator, the public believes that the men who are connected with the trusts are able to baffle him, and that his report will be in accordance with preconceived notions of party needs or policies. Therefore, if his report favor the trusts, it will have no more weight than would be attached to a report made by Mr. HAVEMEYER or Mr. SEARLES or Mr. ROCKEFELLER; while if it be hostile to the trusts, it will be regarded in many quarters as merely a campaign document.

Trusts in this country are largely the outgrowth of tariff legislation. A tariff like the McKINLEY act, which stimulated these combinations enormously, keeps foreign competing products out of the American market, which it gives to the home manufacturer. There are some trusts, like the Standard Oil and anthracite coal combinations, that do not owe their existence to tariff legislation, but combinations like the cordage, glass, and steel trusts are the direct offspring of tariff legislation. It is contended that trusts are often beneficent because they reduce the prices of necessary or useful articles to the consumer, and the decline in the price of oil since the formation of the Standard Oil Company is usually the illustration employed in support of this argument. There is some truth in this contention, for one of the methods employed by trusts to prevent competition is the reduction of prices to a discouraging point. Moreover, the business transacted by a great trust is much more economically administered than it could possibly be if it were divided up among a number of smaller corporations or individuals. The question whether combination is or is not more advantageous than free competition to the consumers is difficult of solution, but it can only be solved in favor of combinations of capital in a few hands on the supposition that such combinations, having absolute control of the markets, will exercise their great power justly, equitably, liberally, and for the public welfare—that is, that they will sell at a fair profit when they need not as well as when they must, that they will not harass and drive out of business those who seek to live by competition with them, that they will not take advantage of their opportunity to tyrannize over labor, and that they will not seek to purchase favors from legislatures and public officers.

Aside from their oppression of competitors and the cruelties that have been practised by them and for them, the great evil of trusts lies in their corruption of politics. Innumerable witnesses have shown that corporations are in the habit, in New York at least, of contributing to corruption funds. They buy favors and protection from the Legislature at Albany, and they respond readily to corrupt suggestions of venal local authorities. The greater the power of the corporation, the greater its power for corruption. And one of the most shameful scandals of our time is the bad use in politics that trusts have made of their wealth, and of the money-making opportunities that they can offer to men in high places. The Sugar Trust, and the operations of its agents in Washington during the enactment of the present tariff law, come to mind at once. Nothing so scandalous has ever occurred in the history of the Federal government, and the saddest feature of the matter is that we have no guarantee that it will not be repeated, or even surpassed. During the time that this tariff law was in process of construction the Sugar Trust absolutely controlled the Congress of the United States through the Senate. Finally, when the bill was in conference, and the House conferrees thought that they were about to succeed in striking out the differential duty which was inserted in the interest of the trust, a telegram from New York from a servant of the trust was received and read in the conference-room. This telegram directed that the sugar schedule as adopted by the Senate should not be changed, and the conferrees were obliged to obey. The fears of Mr. McCULLOCH are in a fair way of being realized if that occasion is to be a precedent.

In view of this incident, and of other well-known similar facts, the people for whose benefit the government is established are justified in believing that trusts are hostile to free institutions. They help to corrupt government. They encourage governmental paternalism. They furnish incentives to blackmailing. They help to sustain such a "boss" as PLATT. They transform the Legislature from a body of representatives of the people into a body of their own servants. They evade the laws of the States and bring them into contempt. They endanger popular government, and invite to socialism, and finally to anarchy. If they are economically a blessing, they are politically a curse; and if the law cannot restrain and punish them as absolutely and as justly as it can restrain and punish the humblest individual citizen, then the evil end which Mr. McCULLOCH dreaded will eventually be reached, and we shall see "the great republic . . . a free country in name only."

McKINLEY'S DEMOCRATIC SUPPORT.

THAT the new Republican President owes his election to the support of sound-money Democrats, who were driven from their party by the BRYAN candidacy on the Chicago platform, is vividly shown by some tables published elsewhere in this issue. Everybody knows of many "life-long Democrats" within the circle of his own acquaintance who cast their ballots either for PALMER, as the distinctive representative of sound money, or for McKINLEY, as the only nominee who could prevent the success of BRYAN. Many people have wondered how large the number of such voters was.

While an accurate statement is out of the question, it is possible to compile figures which clearly show that McKINLEY is indebted to Democrats for many hundreds of thousands of ballots, as well as for his majority of the electoral votes. The metropolis had gone Democratic in every Presidential election since the Republican party was formed, and New York County gave CLEVELAND 76,300 more votes than HARRISON in 1892; last November McKINLEY had here a plurality of 20,735, while 5541 votes were cast for PALMER. Even more striking was the overturn in Cook County, Illinois, which gave CLEVELAND a plurality of 33,350 in 1892, and McKINLEY a plurality of 69,913 in 1896, while PALMER received 2600 votes.

Such was the revolution wrought in the two largest Democratic counties in the Union by the surrender to Populism at Chicago last summer. A table published on page 208 shows the pluralities given McKINLEY and the PALMER votes in all of the Democratic counties in the nation outside of the dozen silver-producing States. The thirty-three States covered by this table contain 1994 counties, and 274 of these, or nearly one-seventh, which had been Democratic in 1892, and many of them in previous Presidential elections back to 1872, went for McKINLEY last November. The table shows the McKINLEY pluralities and the PALMER votes for these counties, so arranged that the reader may see at a glance what part of the whole came from counties which went Democratic for the first time in 1892, and what proportions from those which had been regularly carried by the party as far back as 1872.

These 274 formerly Democratic counties gave McKINLEY a total plurality of 491,276, and also cast 43,967 votes for PALMER. The grand total of votes deflected from the Chicago candidate to the sound-money cause in these "Democratic strongholds" was thus 535,243. Authorities disagree as to the exact plurality for McKINLEY in the United States, but the maximum claim is 613,752. In other words, these formerly Democratic counties gave the Republican nominee within 122,476 of his whole plurality. If the Chicago candidate had been one who could hold the party strength, the transfer of this 491,276 plurality to the other side, reenforced by the PALMER vote of 43,967, would have left McKINLEY in a minority of 412,767.

But even these figures give only a faint idea of the losses which Democracy suffered from the Chicago folly. The revolt among Democrats was not confined to Democratic counties, but was relatively as great in Republican strongholds. Thus Saratoga County in New York gave HARRISON only 1628 plurality in 1892, and McKINLEY 4651 in 1896; Monroe County, 3621 Republican plurality in 1892, and 9130 in 1896.

As regards the electoral votes, the showing is still more impressive. Our table gives the number of counties in the thirty-three States which changed from Republican to Democratic last year. The whole number is only 94, and very few of them are in States which changed from CLEVELAND in 1892 to McKINLEY in 1896. In Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, West Virginia, and Wisconsin all of the changes in counties were against the Democrats; in Maryland, all but one of 13; in Illinois, all but one of 15; in Kentucky, all but one of 18; and in Indiana, 15 of the 22. The 132 electoral votes of these States were given to McKINLEY by Democrats who put patriotism above party. Without them he would have had but 139, instead of 271, while a candidate maintaining the traditional principles of Democracy, who could have held these hundreds of thousands of the party in the fold, would have received 308.

THE OPPOSITION TO THE TREATY.

THERE is manifested a very ugly disposition by the Senators who are against the arbitration treaty. How strong the opposition is has not been fully disclosed. No vote yet taken denotes clearly the final action of the Senate. Two things are clear—(1) that the opposition is not honest, and (2) that the purpose of the opposition Senators is to talk about the treaty until the public is weary of the subject and indifferent to its fate.

We have already discussed the committee's amendments. It is only necessary to mention some of the others, and some of the reasons given by Senators for opposition, to show the utter absurdity of the supposition that hostility to the treaty is ingenuous. Mr. MORGAN wants the treaty amended to provide that in each case which may be submitted to arbitration the approval of the Senate shall be asked. He insists that otherwise the treaty would be unconstitutional. In other words, it seems as though Mr. MORGAN holds that no treaty can provide for a future contingency, and that each case must be made the subject of a treaty as it arises—a contention that is so absurd that it is impossible to believe that it is serious. Senator BACON comes forward with another amendment, providing that the liability of this country on the bonds of the Confederate States shall not be submitted to arbitration. This is the tumbling of a clown or the malice of an attorney with a bad case, not the proposition of a Senator and a lawyer who wishes to consider this grave subject in a becomingly serious manner. Then we have the objection to the treaty that is made on behalf of the silver men by Mr. DANIEL, but which has not yet found its way into the daily press or into the Senate debate, so far as it has been reported, showing clearly enough that Mr. DANIEL is not proud of his offspring. He gravely argues in this objection that if in the future Congress should enact a law providing for the payment of the public debt in silver, Great Britain might insist on submitting to arbitration our right to default in this manner.

It is perfectly clear that these amendments and objections are not interposed for the purpose of improving the treaty, or with the intent to give a real reason against its ratification. Like Senator MORGAN'S discovery that the present time is most opportune for the discussion of the continuing validity of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty, these amendments and objections are for obstructive purposes only. They mean nothing but that those who offer and suggest them are trying to kill the treaty. It is well known in Washington that the opponents of the treaty think that interest in it is dying out, and they believe that if they can waste time enough with their obstructive tactics they will be able to do it to death without exciting

much public indignation. The time has come when the minds of these gentlemen should be disabused. The country is intensely interested in this treaty, and wishes it ratified as it came from the hands of Mr. Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote. But lest there should be any mistake in Washington on this score, public meetings should be held and the voice of the people should be heard. Chicago would be the best place in which to hold the first of a series of mass-meetings, and it is to be hoped that the public-spirited citizens of the Western metropolis will make a popular appeal to the Senate, which, we are sure, will be speedily endorsed by every large and small city in the land.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Mayor Strong having withdrawn the objections he at first made to the housing of the New York Public Library in Bryant Park at the public expense, there does not seem to be left any opposition to that project which is either considerable or respectable. The bill before the Legislature authorizing the Park Commissioners of the city to proceed with the removal of the reservoir and the erection of the library ought to become a law without delay.

The enactment of it will put a serious responsibility upon the Park Commissioners concerning an undertaking as to which they themselves are neither presumably experts nor can have recourse to expert advice in their own department. Happily the character of the present Park Commission for intelligence and candor as well as for fidelity is such that the enterprise may be intrusted to them without fear that the trust will be abused. The trustees of the library, who presumably drew, and who at any rate approve, the bill in the form in which it was introduced, thus testify their complete confidence in the commissioners.

The selection of a plan for a great modern library is of itself a serious and responsible performance. It is not rendered less responsible by the fact that the two most recent and most conspicuous American libraries—the Public Library of Boston and the Library of Congress at Washington—are planned on radically different lines. The plan of the latter is essentially the "radial plan" of a central reading-room, with the storehouses or stacks for the volumes diverging from it. Some novel and ingenious appliances, including a tunnel through which books can be shot to the Capitol, have been introduced to facilitate their transmission.

There is one point, however, upon which it seems that the commission may well decide before it begins the consideration of a plan, and that is a point which concerns the commissioners in their capacity of park-makers. One of the problems presented to them is that of so placing the library as to produce the minimum of interference with what is left of the park. The early propositions contemplated the use for the library only of the ground created by the demolition of the reservoir, but this restriction is not imposed by the pending bill. The park is all before them where to choose, and it is not to be supposed that they will choose the Fifth Avenue end of it. In fact, the more foreground of park is provided for the building, and the further it is withdrawn from Fifth Avenue, keeping in view the necessity of protecting the readers from the racket of the elevated trains on Sixth Avenue, the better will it be for the building, both as a public monument and as a public library.

THE SPITTING HABIT.

When Sir Richard Burton visited, in disguise, the exclusive city of Harar, and was carried before the Amir, he observed, among other things, that though the Amir expectorated with royal freedom, he was not provided with a spittoon, but spat upon the robes of his attendant chamberlains. It is matter of very general and familiar remark that the average American spits quite as freely and with almost as much autocratic carelessness as the Amir of Harar. If he does not intentionally spit on the clothes of his neighbors, he spits with magnificent indifference to his neighbors' reasonable desire to keep clear of his expectorations. He spits wherever he happens to be—on the pavement, on the floors of public buildings, in halls, entries, and elevators, and especially in all public conveyances.

There is a movement afoot to amend this very objectionable habit, and especially to put a stop to the abominable practice of spitting in street cars. In New York, the Board of Health has forbidden it, and its notices are posted in the surface cars. The Board's mandate is not as yet effectual, but the public has begun to be familiar with it, and through it many citizens have for the first time had it suggested to them that miscellaneous spitting is not nice. Conductors of street cars are bound to enforce the spitting ordinance if their attention is called to a violation of it. Commissioner Roosevelt says that the police will help them, and that presently a number of policemen will be detailed expressly to see that the ordinance is obeyed. It is important that public opinion should sustain the police in this undertaking. Consider the brutishness of the spitting habit as it exists in this country. Every decent citizen should do what he can to amend it, both by correcting his own habits, if they need it, and by supporting the enforcement of the law.

GOVERNOR BLACK'S BALANCE-SHEET.

Benjamin Franklin was so wise a man in his way that nobody need be ashamed to learn from him. When in doubt as to whether he should do or not do a certain thing, he would sometimes take a sheet of paper, divide it by a perpendicular line into two columns, and then put down in writing the reasons for doing the thing in one column, and the reasons against it in the other, so as to have both sets of reasons bodily before him for comparison. Then he would proceed to calculate with the greatest possible soberness of judgment the relative weight of the reasons for and against as he had them in black on white under his eyes—a good method, he thought, to evolve from a confusing uncertainty of counsel a sound and trustworthy conclusion.

It would perhaps be a useful occupation for Governor Black of this State to follow Franklin's example. He might put the reasons he had for reappointing Aldridge in spite of his flagrant violations of the civil service law, for making Lou Payn Commissioner of Insurance, and for indulging in contemptuous sneers at the merit system in the civil service, in clear language in one column, and in an opposite column a precise statement of the results which by those official acts he has accomplished. This would, indeed, be an operation retrospective in its nature. But if executed with entire candor it might set him to thinking as to whether, aside from all moral questions of right and duty, it will be profitable to continue in the same course.

As a reason for his disdainful fling at the civil service system, the Governor would probably state in the first column that, while competitive examinations may have a certain virtue, they should not be so conducted as to preclude the use of offices by way of reward and encouragement for party work. As a justification of the appointment of Aldridge and Payn, the Governor, examining his own conscience, would hardly venture to deceive himself with the assertion that these men were the best he could find for the faithful and efficient discharge of the public duties to which he assigned them. He would have to admit that he appointed them on account of the party machine-work they had done and were expected to do, as well as in obedience to directions given by the party boss, Mr. Thomas C. Platt; and, in the case of Lou Payn, because that man had a claim upon him for services rendered to himself personally, which he was by a duty of gratitude bound to reward, however offensive it might be to the moral sense of the community.

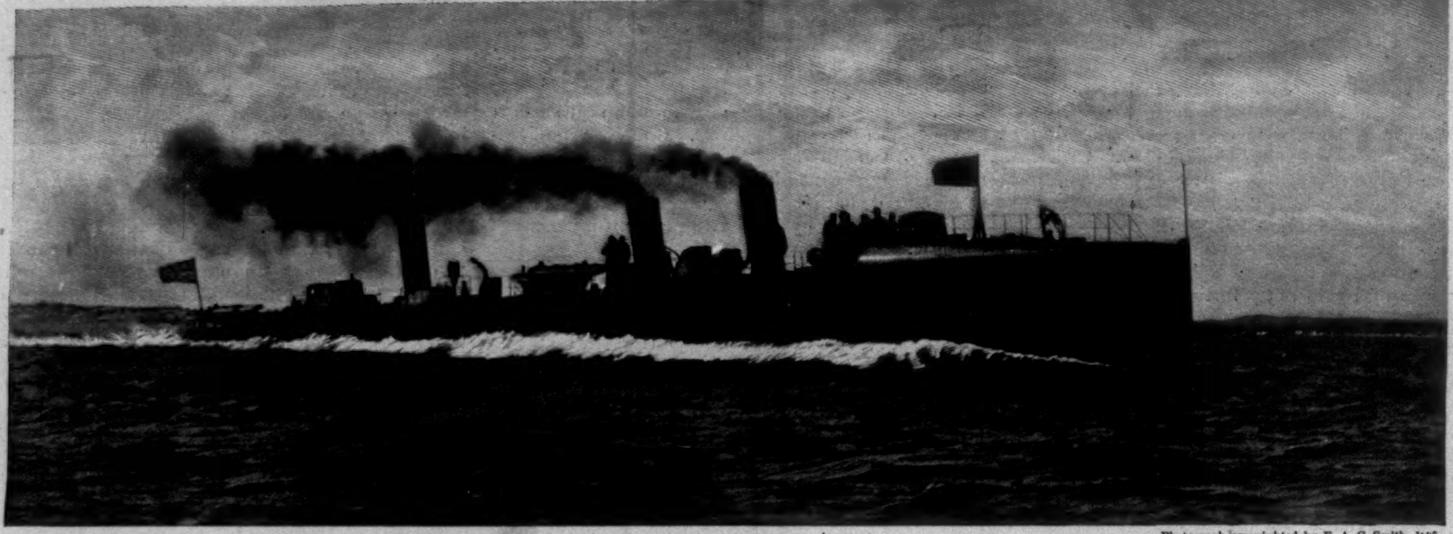
In the opposite column, the record of results, Governor Black, after a careful survey of the field, will have to note that by the attack upon the merit system in his message he has won the reputation of a Chief Executive of the State seeking to circumvent a plain mandate of the Constitution; and that he has encouraged among the party workers in general, and the members of the Legislature in particular, the inclination to nullify that mandate more recklessly than he himself may think safe. As to the appointments he has made, especially that of Lou Payn, he will have to acknowledge the fact that he has drawn on himself the severest censure from a very large part of the press, even of his own party, and from a host of persons whose opinions have great weight in the community. To make the importance of this fact clear to his mind he should carefully put down the names of the newspapers as well as of the men that have visited such indignant censure upon him, and compare them with the names of his defenders. He may then find that his lofty words about the "intolerant clamor" which will have no influence with a strong man like himself have a dismal sound in the presence of the insulted moral sense of the people. But the column of results will not be complete if he fail to record the further fact that this popular indignation is already expressing itself in a language especially intelligible to political parties as well as to aspiring public men—the language of votes. There has been a certain reaction after the Republican tidal wave of last autumn visible in several States. But nowhere has that reaction appeared in proportions nearly so formidable and alarming as in the municipal elections which about this time are taking place in the interior of the State of New York. The falling off in the Republican vote, compared, not with that of 1896, but that of 1895, is so uniform and so tremendous that the oldest and most renowned Republican strongholds seem no longer to be safe. A candid inquiry into the cause of this will convince the Governor that there are in this State untold thousands of Republicans most profoundly disgusted, and that they will not vote the ticket of a party one of whose honored and potential heroes is Lou Payn—not to speak of the tens of thousands of independents who last year were the allies of the Republican party, and are now indignant at seeing the victory to which they contributed turned to uses so base.

Here Governor Black might close the balance-sheet for the first two months of his administration. Surveying the profit and loss account with a clear eye he will discover that he is carrying on a frightfully losing business, for himself as well as for his party. As he himself can hardly fail to know, he has, by his appointments, succeeded in creating the widespread impression that he is one of the worst Governors this State has ever had; and if he were to be voted upon again to-day, he would surely be defeated by a larger majority than was cast for him last November. Of course he would drag his party with him into the disaster. In fact, New York has never had a Governor—not even excepting Hill—who in so short a time did as much to ruin his party as Governor Black has contrived to do in the first six weeks of his term. By the very things he may have thought apt to strengthen it, he has dealt the Republican organization of this State a staggering blow at home, and made it an object of contempt all over the country. The Governor will hardly dispute this if he reads Republican papers published outside of this State.

Governor Black cannot complain of being harshly judged. When he entered upon his office everybody was disposed to think and to speak well of him. Mere indiscretions or errors of judgment on his part would not have been intolerantly condemned. Even the offensive tone of a part of his message, although of evil augury, might have been forgotten, had it not been followed up by acts going beyond the darkest apprehensions. Governor Black may think that the storm of condemnation he has raised against himself will blow over, and that he will have a chance to regain public confidence. It would be unreasonable to say that such a chance can never come to him. But he should not delude himself with the belief that he will recover the respect of the people by helping the machine politicians to "beat" the civil service clause of the Constitution; nor will he ever reconcile the moral sense of the community to the appointment of such a person as Lou Payn by pleading that "we should stick to those friends who have stuck to us in fair weather and in foul, and should stick the closer to them when they are jumped upon the hardest"—a sentiment the promulgation of which he and Lou Payn are reported to have saluted with an approving nod at the Platt banquet. There can be nothing more immoral than the doctrine that a public man elevated to power should reward with office every villain that helped him to rise, and should do so all the more when the villanies of the "friend" are exposed and denounced. Governor Black must know that a man of self-respect and of a proper sense of public duty will pay his debts, political as well as other, out of his own and not out of the people's pocket; that he himself owes his real obligation to the people who elected him, and not to the Aldridges and Payns; and that he would never have been elected had the people known that, when in power, he would put Lou Payns into the high places of the State.

Neither can he hope to propitiate the people by merely pursuing his reputed plan of doing something to preserve the Adirondack woods, of completing the Capitol, and of recommending economy to the Legislature. Such things may be very nice, but they will evaporate like drops of water poured upon a hot stove. To regain for him what he has lost, a few good acts will be sadly insufficient. He will have wholly to renounce the companionship of the Aldridges and Payns, as well as their principles and practices, and to fight with more than ordinary bravery for the best kind of good government in the State. Unless he do that, the character of his record is already determined and will stand. The Franklin method of self-examination cannot be too highly recommended to him.

Carl Schurz.



Photograph copyrighted by E. A. G. Smith, 1897

THE UNITED STATES TORPEDO-BOAT NO. 6 ON HER TRIAL TRIP IN LONG ISLAND SOUND, FEBRUARY 10, 1897.

TRIAL OF TORPEDO-BOAT NO. 6.

The satisfactory result of the trial trip of Torpedo-boat No. 6, on February 10 in Long Island Sound, and the prompt acceptance of the craft by the Secretary of the Navy, show that this country is about to take another stride towards the front in naval architecture. The United States navy has been especially weak in the matter of torpedo-boats. It is outclassed in that respect by Greece and other small nations. With the exception of the *Cushing*, such torpedo-boats as we have were far from satisfactory.

Torpedo-boat No. 6 was built by the Herreshoffs at Bristol, Rhode Island. She was required to make a speed of 27.5 knots over a course of 60 miles. Her average speed was 28.74 knots, or 33.1 statute miles, an hour. It was made with an inexperienced crew and despite a slight accident to one of the blowers during the last twelve knots of the run. It seems entirely probable that under favorable circumstances a speed of 30 knots an hour will be attained by this craft. During the trial the steam pressure in the boilers was kept at an average of 210 pounds, the engines showed about 4000 horse-power, and the revolutions were about 400 a minute—a fine exhibition by a craft only 175 feet long and 17½ feet wide. The most noteworthy incident of the trip was the absence of excessive vibration. Undue vibration has been the greatest fault in European torpedo-boats.

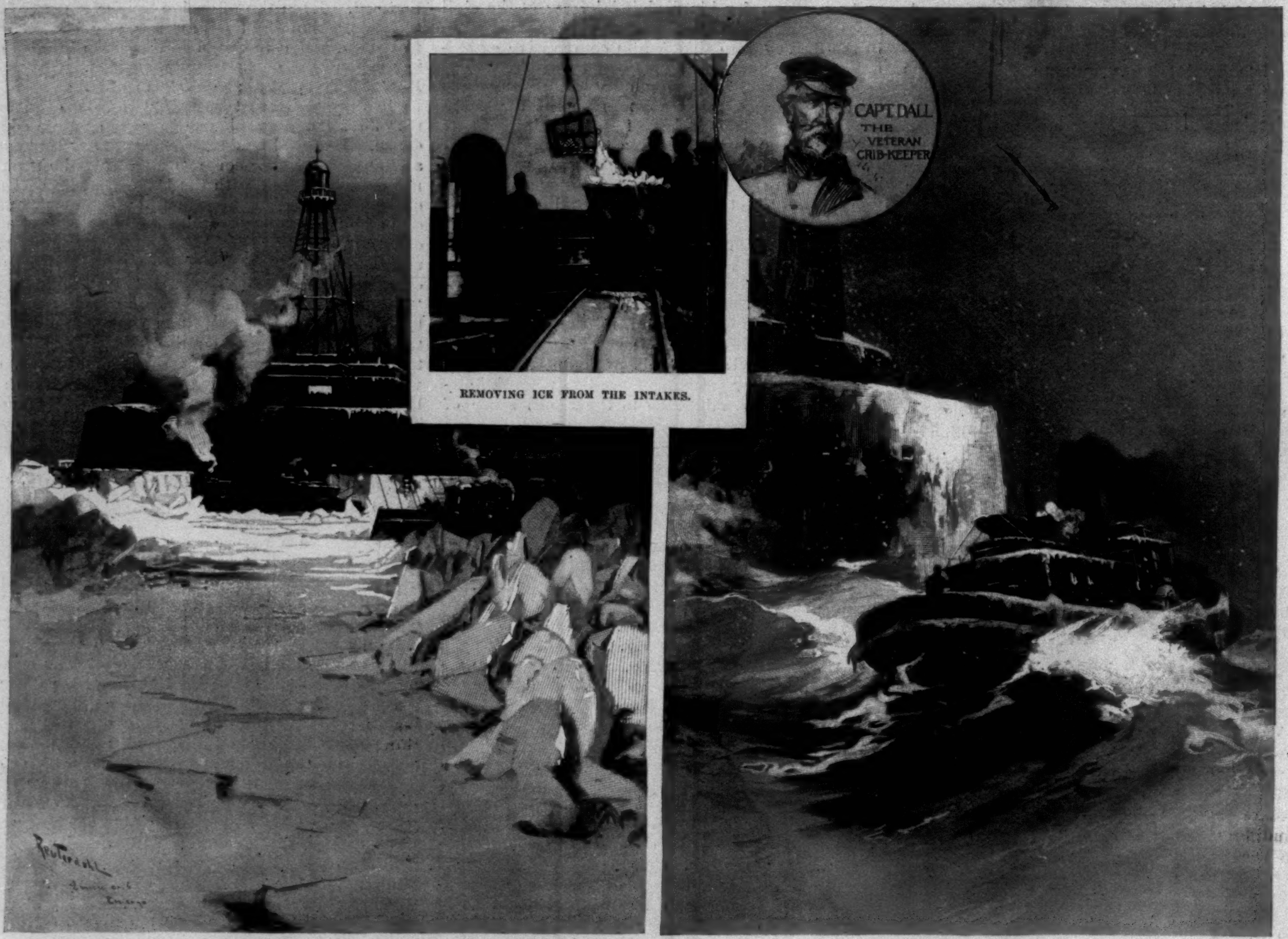
When this country produces its 30-knot torpedo-boats it is fair to say that they will equal, if not surpass, the fastest of such craft possessed by other nations. Our own *Cushing* made her greatest showing of speed after she passed into the full control of the navy and under the command of Lieutenant Cameron M. Winslow. A similar result might be expected from No. 6 if an experienced man like Lieutenant Winslow should be appointed to command her.

GREECE'S INVASION OF CRETE.

"Greece accepts full responsibility for her acts," was the surprising message King George and his advisers sent to the great powers of Europe on February 12 last, when Greece was asked to refrain from occupying the island of Crete. Greece was defying the Sultan of Turkey in the field of war; at that moment anarchy ruled in Crete. The war-ships of five nations blockaded the harbor of Canea, Crete's chief town. Prince George of Greece, the idol of the masses, with half a dozen torpedo-boats and one or two larger craft, was outside the blockading line, determined to prevent the landing of more Turkish troops or arms. One of the Prince's flotilla had fired on and had driven back a Turkish transport, and by that act had practically declared war.

All Greece was wildly excited. A "corps of occupation," under Colonel Vassos, chief-of-staff of King George, and consisting of 1500 men, had landed on the island at Platanias, a short distance from Canea, and without objection from the blockading squadron. Colonel Vassos had orders from his sovereign to "protect honor, life, and property." He also had orders to take possession of the island "in the name of King George and on the responsibility of this government," because Greece was unable to tolerate "the lamentable situation of the Christians in Crete, to whom we are united by the sacred ties of religion." On February 16 the powers were said to have demanded of Greece that she withdraw her forces. Greece is said to have replied that she could not do so.

On its face this invasion of Turkish soil, held by right of conquest, despite the fact that by race, topographical situation, and practically by religion the island was Grecian, was another clash of arms between Christian and Mohammedan. Ostensibly, and perhaps actually, it was an interference in the affairs of another nation to stop awful massacre and pillage, and was done from the motives of common humanity. Men outside of diplomatic

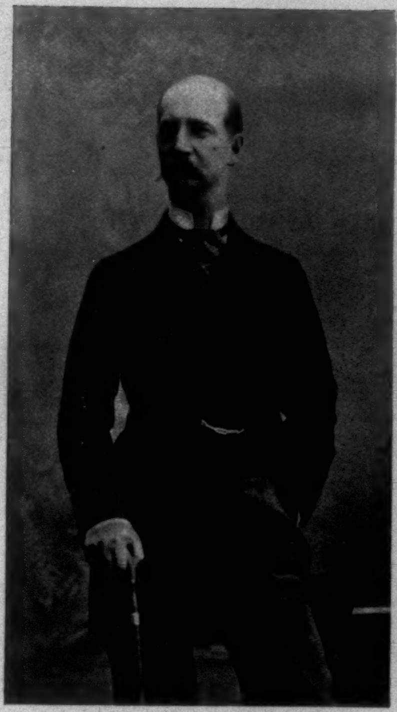


REMOVING ICE FROM THE INTAKES.

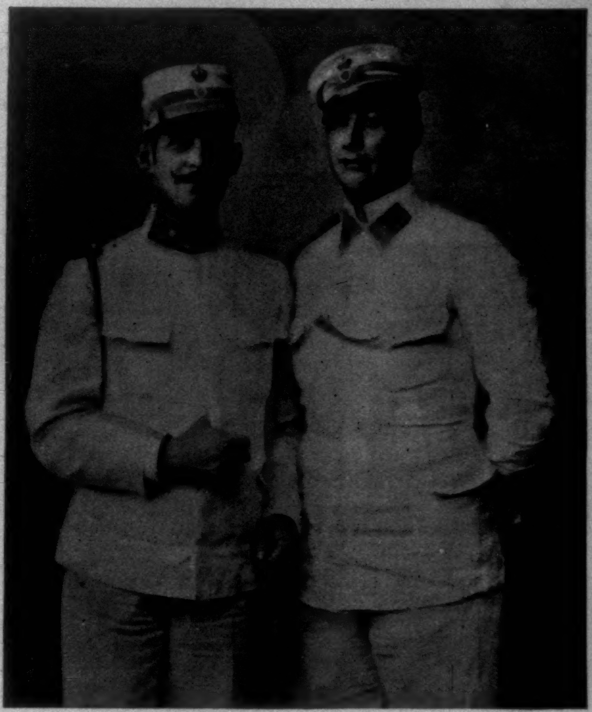
POWERFUL TUGS BREAKING THE ICE INSIDE AND AROUND THE BREAKWATER OF THE TWO-MILE CRIB.

THE SUPPLY-TUG TRYING TO LAND PROVISIONS AT THE FOUR-MILE CRIB.

CHICAGO'S WATER-SUPPLY—WINTER DIFFICULTIES AT THE CRIBS IN LAKE MICHIGAN.—Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.—[See Page 211.]

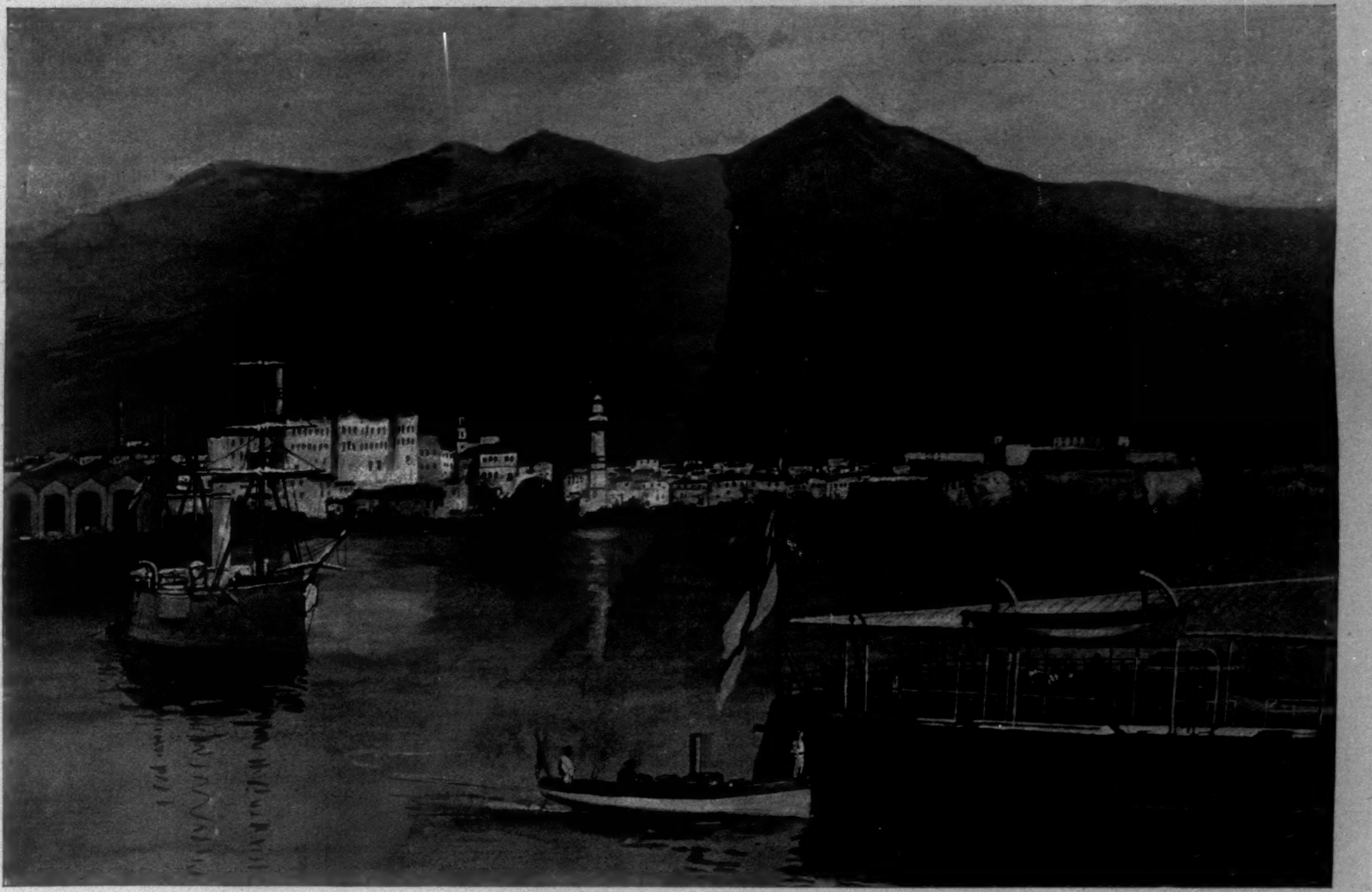


KING GEORGE OF GREECE.



CROWN-PRINCE KONSTANTINE OF GREECE, AND HIS BROTHER PRINCE GEORGE.

QUEEN OLGA OF GREECE.



GREECE'S INVASION OF CRETE—THE HARBOR OF CANEA.

circles wondered if the King of Greece had not acted to save his own throne, remembering how his predecessor, Otho of Bavaria, in 1862, was exiled because he did not listen to the demands of his excitable and democratic people. Others wondered if this was not the first move of the powers for the obliteration of the Turk from Europe. Others hinted that perhaps one of the nations had covertly told Greece to make the move, and thus bring the "European concert" to a crisis. Others thought that Greece had shrewdly forestalled the movement to depose the Sultan, and had decided to secure for herself in advance the one possession she coveted, the so-called birthplace of civilization, and thus wipe out the disgrace of Turkish rule in the island.

Whatever the motive of the move, all Europe was in a ferment. Diplomats in Greece, however they may have connived at the plan secretly, told Greece to halt. The reply was that she accepted "full responsibility for her acts." The Sultan called on the other nations to interfere. They responded by blockading Canea, and by flying their flags in the town after having occupied it with 500 marines. The Italian officer in command of the allied forces sent word to Colonel Vassos of the invading "corps of occupation," asking him to go no further. He sent word back, "I must carry out my orders pending instructions." The allied forces made no attempt to check Colonel Vassos, and he made no attempt to take the town. Europe gradually settled to the belief that the powers would finally withdraw, leaving the Greeks in practical control, ultimate and final possession to be given to them by an agreement of the powers. If that should be the outcome, the first step in ousting the hated Turk from Europe will have been taken.

Throughout the excitement one figure stood out prominently. It was that of Prince George. Herculean in stature, brave, tactful, and popular with his people, he faced actual conflict fearlessly. The Greeks remembered him as the popular umpire at the great revival of Olympian games in Athens last year. They recalled how he rescued with his own arms the peasant Louës from the cheering mob which surrounded him after winning the great long-distance race, and led the peasant to a place of rest. They recalled how they cheered the Prince when in the presence of thousands upon thousands he picked up an enormous dumbbell, used in the weight-lifting contest, and tossed it to one side as if it were a toy. They recalled his umpiring in that famous contest. Above all, they remembered how he had saved the life of his cousin, the present Czar of Russia, when a wild Japanese attempted to assassinate him.

It is possible, also, that the Greeks remembered how their royal family was related to other royal houses; that their King is the brother of the Princess of Wales; that their Crown Princess is the sister of the Emperor of Germany; that their Queen is of the Russian royal family. With these family ties to bind them, and with the cause of religion and common humanity to inspire them, it is easy to see how the liberty-loving Greeks were eager for the contest, and it is also easy to understand why the sympathy of the world went out to them, causing no less a distinguished man than Mr. Gladstone to say of Greece, "I shall profoundly rejoice at her success."

Greece declares that Crete, "having common destinies with ourselves," shall be free from Turkish rule, and although her army is only one-quarter the size of Turkey's, her navy being slightly larger and vastly more efficient, she is going ahead, at this writing, to set Crete free.

It was in 1894 that the Grecian Prime Minister Tricoupis objected to holding the revived Olympian games, because the financial situation of the kingdom forbade such large expenditures. That cause appealed to national pride alone. The cause of Crete appeals to national honor, and Greece proceeds, regardless of cost. The old-time national spirit, evidently, has been aroused. The powers of Europe really hold the fate of Crete in their hands. In deciding that question they are undoubtedly deciding the fate of the "Great Assassin."

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

London, February 3, 1897.

The Bunsen family has furnished rich material for biography, and no doubt all of us recall the memoirs of Baroness de Bunsen, if not the more serious work of her husband, who was Prussian ambassador in London when the venerable William I. had to fly from the people of Berlin and take refuge in England during the stormy revolutionary days of 1848. George von Bunsen, whose recent death we have already noticed, was the son of this Prussian diplomatist; a scholarly and polished man of the world, whose social intercourse embraced the ablest minds of Europe and America. I have just heard from Berlin that his eldest daughter has been selected by the family for the task of editing her father's interesting correspondence. This young lady has exhibited clever water-colors both in London and Berlin, and has also given proof of literary taste by contributions to German periodicals. Like her father, she speaks fluently half a dozen languages, and brings to this task, therefore, many valuable qualifications.

No German woman, however gifted, can show us the greatness of George von Bunsen. We Americans wish to read about him in connection with the political storms in which he was wrecked. We want to know the machinery by which Bismarck undertook to snub, or snuff out, Liberalism and popular government in Germany, for it is only by understanding the Germany of Bunsen's time that we can form an opinion of Bunsen himself. The history of Germany's struggle for liberty, or at least constitutional safeguards, is intimately associated with the men who, like Bunsen, gave their life to German unity. With him were associated the great historian of Rome, Mommsen; Frederick Kapp, well known to Americans through his history of the trade in German soldiers during our Revolutionary war. Lasker was also well known to Americans, and on his death Congress sent to Bismarck a resolution of condolence, which Bismarck, by-the-way, refused to present to his parliament. The great pathologist Professor Virchow, another of this group, was so hateful in the eyes of absolutism that Bismarck challenged him to a duel. This will prove a romantic period when people shall no longer be afraid to speak freely in the father-land.

I could not but be reminded of the political intolerance of a Prussian Prime Minister while reading, a few days ago, the reply of Mr. Gladstone to the chief of the Salvation Army. The two men represent the extremes of religious practice in the Protestant Church, yet the venerable English statesman says, in his letter: "It helps me to look out upon the wide world and reflect with reverence upon the singular diversity of the instruments which are in operation for recovering mankind according to the sense of those who use them. . . ." Bismarck ought to hang this text over his bed, and pray every night for the patriotic Germans who love their country quite as much as he does, but differ regarding the means for accomplishing her happiness.

Speaking of political intolerance reminds me of the late Russian ambassador in Berlin, Count Schuvaloff, whom I had frequent occasions to meet, and who impressed me by a manner that seemed at once natural and kindly. He fortified me with most valuable letters of introduction when I visited Russia. From Berlin Schuvaloff went to Warsaw as Governor of Poland, and I hear from there that the inhabitants of that unhappy country respected him for being a gentleman. He appears to have been esteemed, in comparison with his predecessor, General Gourko, much as Caprivi was in Berlin on the dismissal of Bismarck. As a German member of Parliament once explained it to me, "it is such a change to be addressed by a gentleman." The health of Schuvaloff has broken down, and now comes to Warsaw a man whose training appears to have been exclusively that of the professional soldier, and whose administrative experience is represented by four years in eastern Siberia. His name is General Goremykin, and it may be expected that brutal military rule will now once more prevail. When I was in Warsaw it was illegal to use the Polish language, or to do anything that could create an impression that the people were not Russian. When the Czar passed through on his way to or from Copenhagen, the leading citizens of the place were ordered to dress up in their evening suits and to stand at the railway stations during the passage of the train, in order to make the Czar believe that Poland was full of loyal Russians. In Germany the extermination of Polish sentiment proceeds almost as stupidly and brutally as in Russia, but instead of making the Prussian Poles loyal to the German government, it has the contrary effect. In Germany the government does what it can to make it difficult for Poles to acquire property or to use their mother-tongue, but, in spite of it all, the great Polish nation is to-day stronger than it ever was before, and under proper conditions will rise up and take its place once more in the councils of Europe, as did united Italy under Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel.

Sir William Harcourt was indulging in reminiscences at the house of a mutual friend a day or two ago, and told me things historical from my point of view, but rarely alluded to by professional historians. For instance, our present custom of smoking after dinner he referred, if I am not mistaken, to the fact that at the table of Mr. Gladstone the Prince of Wales pulled out a cigar and proceeded to enjoy its smoke. That happened in Downing Street, and must have been therefore about 1870. At that time I did not frequent dinner parties, but should be curious to know when we first passed cigars after dinner in New York. Sir William Harcourt recalled also that up to the close of the Crimean war no gentleman would have been guilty of smoking on a public thoroughfare. It was regarded as essentially underbred to do so, but the warriors who returned from the fields of Inkermann and Sevastopol had become so addicted to the false friendship of tobacco that they presumed upon their services to the extent of smoking wherever they pleased. Beards, too, became popular for somewhat cognate reasons. One of the oldest living members of Parliament told me that before the Crimean war there was but one member of the House of Commons who had the courage to wear a beard, but that the Crimean veterans had found beards so very comforting during the cold weather, and shaving so difficult a task, that beards were voted fashionable.

After the Franco-German war I was struck by the frequency of beards on the streets of Berlin—no doubt from similar reasons.

Poultney Bigelow.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

MASSENET'S "THE CID."

One of the difficulties in widening a repertory for our Metropolitan Opera-House with new works, especially if they be drawn from French and Italian sources, is apt to escape the public. It is the fact that the operas chosen should be works of a musical effect not only broad, but of the broadest—operas of strong spectacular quality and distinctly large movement. The drama in music appealing decidedly to the eye as well as to the ear is by preference needed in the Metropolitan. So large is its stage and the audience-room that many superior novelties from abroad and a long list of more or less familiar grand operas and of *opéras-comiques*, even of robust constitutions, would fare unkindly and fail to impress themselves here; but not in a less spacious theatre. In fact, many operas that do not stand the sifting of close musical criticism triumph gloriously on the big stage of the Metropolitan over more virtuous and less grandiose rivals. Even the regular, the thoughtful auditor in our opera-house has not always realized that Mozart in *The Wedding of Figaro* and in *Don Giovanni*, Beethoven in *Fidelio*, Gounod in an elegant trifle like *Philemon and Baucis*, Bizet in *The Pearl-Fishers* (and not a little in *Carmen*), Délibes in *Lakmé*, Verdi in *Falstaff*, and Massenet in *Manon* and *Werther* have all suffered from a matter of excessive dimensions in theatre building that has brought about a fine architectural effect and plenty of social elbow-room—but at artistic sacrifice. It happens thus, on the same line of exigency, that Meyerbeer, when Meyerbeer sees fit to be noisy and empty, and to trust to ballets and processions and tableaux instead of to musical dignity, is impressive and wholly serviceable. In like manner Wagner in his unredeemed state, dealing with *Rienzi* the unredeemable, offering more brass and shouting than Meyerbeer, holds his own well, not to speak of his effectiveness in the Metropolitan when we come to the nobler Wagnerian sonorities and more romantic pictures of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* and *The Valkyr*. Reyer, in the too-frequent dulness and dryness of *Sigurd* and of *Salammbô*, gilded over with magnificence of stage pictures and rich tableaux, one can not only endure but embrace under such a necessity. They and Massenet's own *Esclarmonde* (none of the three yet having been sung in New York) are at least experiments that are logically to be justified, aside from the question of local taste in music of one or another type and school. The whole topic is a troublesomely vital one from year to year. It is likely to stay such. Similar difficulty enters into the very selection of our singers, for the voices that bear the brunt of the Metropolitan season should be not only superior voices, but voices of large volume. The most zealous nightingale does not make much of an impression warbling away in a cathedral.

The choice of Massenet's *The Cid*, just given its first local production, in closing the Metropolitan's winter season of 1896–7, is an excellent illustration of the sort of necessity indicated; and artistically it is as much of a success as might have been anticipated. *The Cid* is a modern, an extremely up-to-date French opera, in almost everything a typical modern French opera. It might have been made for the Metropolitan, so suitably do its musical spirit and letter, its atmosphere of romance and drama, its robust and distinctively French quality in ideas and utterance, suit the big place. The work is scarcely new. It has been a good while coming here, considering the number of times that taking it up has been mooted, not only since the Italian and French dispensation at the opera-house became settled, but in the now remote days of German performances under the old organization. It was written for the stage of the Opéra at Paris. There it was first given, with great favor, in 1885. The cast of the Paris production included not less than three of the notable male singers who happen now to be with us—who last week took up their former rôles—the two Messrs. De Reszke and Mr. Plançon. Mr. Jean de Reszke thus, eleven years ago, in the title part, made an important addition to his record as a heroic tenor, his impersonation and his singing being vastly talked about and praised at the time. Nevertheless Massenet's opera has not had much of a career, as successful operas go—not even in France. It passed out of repertory in Paris quite shortly, and it is lapsed now. The richer provincial lyric theatres have not concerned themselves with it. Milan, Vienna, and St. Petersburg are the only large Continental cities taking it up, and that without permanently putting it on their lists. It is interesting to note, in passing, that although New York now receives it as a novelty, another American city can say that it has heard *The Cid* quite in advance of us. New Orleans produced it, with praiseworthy intentions, but not sufficiently artistic resources, some seasons ago, when French opera was in better plight there than at present. And the difficulties in the march of *The Cid* toward general hearing are obvious. It belongs particularly to the class of French operas whose success is dangerously dependent on the finest sort of singers—on not less than four artists of the first class. It requires an orchestra of the best material and leadership. It must have a chorus of goodly number and of decidedly trustworthy ability. Last—far, far from least—*The Cid*, as to all its externals—its scenes, the pageants, the tableaux and processions, the glories and cares of the theatrical wardrobe-master, ballet-master, property-man, and stage-mechanician—makes a redoubtable demand on any operatic establishment anywhere. The manager's bank-account well may tremble at the name of *The Cid*, as did, we are told, the Moorish kings of old shake in their shoes but to hear him mentioned. At the Metropolitan the necessities of Massenet's pompous work have been easily and lavishly met—not merely as to fine externals, but, as may be inferred, with respect to the musical conditions that the opera exacts. The production goes into record as one of the most successful and strong in the history of French and Italian opera with us. Whether it will win the public favor literally on the strength of its performance is an open question, but with that element of merit it ought to be an admirable addition to the contracted repertory of the Opera-House.

The "book" on which Massenet has scored his opera is the work of not less than three collaborators, the veterans MM. d'Ennery, Gallet, and Blau. It goes without saying that as a French opera by a French composer, Corneille's classic and sonorous drama is pretty steadfastly adhered to. The auditor who knows his Corneille or his Théâtre Français smiles to hear sung plenty of lines and bits of stately *tirade* and of dialogue that have passed into the French language and French heart forever. The familiar situations of the play are kept before us. Once again do we find Rodrigo, the Cid Campeador, the Lord Champion, the ideal hero of Spain, in his youthful days; and in love with Chimène, but obliged to avenge an insult to his venerable father by a duel that kills the sire of that sentimental lady. Once more have we Chimène the beloved and Rodrigo the fiery lamenting in long, set terms the fix into which this family affair has cast their love-affair. Again do we applaud and sympathize as they take the opportunity to cast at each other a great deal of fine analysis as to duty, love, hate, and honor, and so forth. Once again do we revive our hopes for their peace of mind and eventual chance of committing holy matrimony—though on what consistent grounds it is not easy to say. The fiery Rodrigo, however, goes off to fight the Moors, to save his country, and to come back in pomp and such general public cheerfulness that poor de Gormas seems a person quite to be spared, even by Chimène the beloved, and a house of mourning appears much more properly a house of feasting at an ultimate wedding. Corneille's play is simple compared with one by Ibsen or Maeterlinck or Coppée or Sardou. Yes. But there are romance and effective situation under its stiffness and limitations, just as it is. By adding to it some episodes from the drama of de Castro, and from the mass of legend wherewith is connected the old "Poem of My Cid," the librettists have carpentered a highly effective libretto from the stand-point of theatricalism, romance, variety of stage episodes, and scope for contrasted music, just as far as a composer's invention will do him service. A French composer, too, will ever be apt to find more inspiration in such a topic and "book" than in all the psychology and mystery and even truth to human nature on which the Teutonic genius fastens and incubates so solemnly and conscientiously.

The shortcomings in such an opera, by such a composer as Massenet long since has proved himself, quickly suggest themselves, as do its merits. The likeness with Meyerbeer is strong, and the docile following out of Wagner not less so. As to Meyerbeerishness, often is it a kinship in a want of really worthy and interesting musical ideas, in the failure of sincere dramatic power and of lyric beauty, in a climax that calls for musical impressiveness other than that which it gets—mere musical noise, literally brassed out with sound and trumpeting and drumming and staccato chords galore, from the full orchestra. Massenet's band here, as always, earns its nightly wage. There are passages that are almost as empty of charm and dignity as *The Navarraise*. And so is there much reliance on the artists, and on the brilliancy of the show of scene upon scene unrolled before our eyes. But if Massenet here makes us often sensible of how far great singing is making acceptable to us commonplace lyric or dramatic ideas, there is, in due proportion, the genuinely musical and truly beautiful in his score. His orchestration is, of course, highly effective, rich, and interesting, discounting passages cheap enough even to vulgarity. Not often strong in sustained melody, he has here shown a gift for it that with his technical ingenuity goes a long way. Rhythm and writing are of contrast, of variety and French effectiveness. The leading themes are skilfully utilized. Such passages as Rodrigo's "Ô, noble lame étincelante!" the duet, "Rodrigue, as-tu du cœur," the tenor romance, "Percé, jusqu'au fond du cœur," and its succeeding duet between Rodrigo and de Gormas, "À moi, Comte, deux mots," are very agreeable instances of French musical idea and treatment. The *entr'acte* preceding the third act and Chimène's best air, "Pleurez, mes yeux," and the duet between the lovers, are full of lyric charm for all who like French musical ideas. In the seventh tableau (the four acts are divided into ten scenes) the episode of the appearance of St. Jago to the discouraged Cid to promise him victory, beginning with his air, "Ô souverain, ô juge, ô père," has no small sincerity of operatic inspiration, and the whole effect is proportionally felicitous. As for the ballet music, it is admirable. Only in *Carmen* and *Boabdil* are there better Spanish ballet rhythms and more elegant ingenuity of dance-writing. There is much noisy padding in climaxes; but also numerous passages of subtle, subdued, and graceful emotionality. The opera stands an analysis, according to the standards of the French lyric drama, with success. It is never for long time uninteresting musically, and in a popular and Gallic sense and estimate it invariably "arrives." It is less Wagnerian than *Esclarmonde;* and its general effect may be characterized as an improved and invigorated Meyerbeer and Halévy, when those great Frenchmen were working most thoughtfully and inventively in *The Huguenots*, or *The Jewess*, and *The Queen of Cyprus*.

The two performances have been so admirable that to single out the artists is scarcely fair. Mr. Jean de Reszke as the Cid, Mr. Edouard de Reszke as Don Diego, Mr. Plançon as Count de Gormas, Mr. Lassalle as the King, Mr. Bars as the Moorish Envoy and St. Jago, Madame Litvinne as Chimène, Madame de Vere as the Infanta, all outdid themselves in the zeal and results of their combined work. Never has Mr. Jean de Reszke sung a rôle with finer art and fuller illustration of his distinction among French artists of the time. The orchestra, chorus, and ballet were at the height of good work each evening. The stage pictures were rich and elaborate. The work was a judicious choice on Mr. Grau's part (the manager on the first evening was not only called to the stage, but found the occasion one for his receiving a costly gift from the Opera-house Company and its artists); and whether the opera win a permanent place here or not, its performance has been one of individuality for that part of the musical public sympathetic with contemporary grand opera in France.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. Daniel C. French's model, made after Mr. Bruce Price's plans, for the memorial to the late Richard M. Hunt, to be erected in the Fifth Avenue wall of Central Park, has been accepted, and it is expected that the memorial will be in place by next November. In form it is to be a circular seat, with a colonnade back of it, the cornice of which will be supported by four columns and by two pilasters at each end. Figures of Art and Architecture are to stand against the pilasters, and in a niche under the frontal of the colonnade will be a bust of Mr. Hunt, heroic size, on a pedestal. The whole is to cost about $25,000, and is to stand about midway between the Lenox Library and the Metropolitan Museum.

A charitable enterprise, the success of which deserves attention, is the Provident Loan Society, more popularly known as the charity pawn shop. Its second annual report announces that it has prospered, is doing a good business, and is able to pay six per cent. per annum on its stock. It was started, as readers of the Weekly may remember, with offices at 279 Fourth Avenue, to lend money on personal effects at rates and on terms less rigorous than those of ordinary pawnbrokers. The possibility of its success was very generally doubted. It was feared that it would be misled from the straight and narrow path of pecuniary safety, and would not adhere strictly enough to the transaction of business on business principles. It charged one per cent. a month for loans, or a third of what the law allows. It began with a capital of $100,000. Now it has $160,000, and desires to increase that sum to $250,000, so that it may start branches in various parts of the town. Since it started it has made about 63,000 loans, of an average amount of $18 50 each. Its provision for the redemption of pledges is very liberal, and when a pledge is sold, whatever it brings in excess of the amount loaned on it is paid over to the borrower. So far ninety-eight per cent. of the pledges have been redeemed. One result of the success of this organization has been a reduction of rates by some of the other pawnbrokers in order to meet its competition. Another result that seems imminent is the establishment of similar societies in other large cities.

The death, on February 14, of William P. St. John, the New York banker who forsook all and followed Bryan, was a tragedy whereat very many Americans will sigh, and some will grieve. To all appearances Mr. St. John was a martyr, and the pity of it is that he should have been a martyr to what a great majority of his fellow-townsmen consider a pestilent delusion. It appears that he has been ailing ever since last October, and that his excessive labors during the campaign aggravated disabilities from which he had suffered before. After election he stopped work and tried to recuperate, but could not, and there may be truth in the opinion that he died of a broken heart. There is certainly much that is remarkable and even pathetic in his connection with the free-silver movement. He first investigated the free-coinage idea at the instigation of the New York Chamber of Commerce, as a member of a committee appointed for that purpose. Alone of the committee he reported in favor of silver. His opinions, the sincerity of which has never been attacked, eventually cost him his reputation as a business man, his places as president of a bank and director of two others, a great deal of money, and finally his life. Even in the heat of the campaign his character was not attacked; but though he was respected as an honest gentleman, his business associates, seeing him bent on measures that seemed to them destructive to the national credit and prosperity, naturally enough lost confidence in his judgment.

Mr. St. John was born in Mobile; educated there, in England, in Germany, and in Boston; entered a Wall Street office in 1869; became cashier of the Mercantile National Bank in 1882, and its president in 1884. His strong point as a banker seems to have been his excellent discrimination about mercantile credit.

The case of Mr. Iasigi of Boston, arrested in New York at the desire of the Boston police, has attracted much attention, both because of the social standing of the prisoner and because of interesting legal questions involved. Mr. Iasigi is the Turkish consul-general in Boston, and though he is accused of being inopportunely destitute of funds that should be in his possession, there has been much controversy as to what courts held jurisdiction in his case, and whether, being of consular dignity, he could be lawfully locked up except by order of a Federal court. One interesting point which suggests itself in the case has thus far received no attention. The representative of the parties whom Mr. Iasigi is accused of defrauding is General Francis Peabody, Jun., of Boston. Is not this the very worthy and popular gentleman who was long a member of Governor Russell's staff, and is not his military title derived from that connection, or at best from services rendered to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in its National Guard? If so, is it right and proper that he should wear his military title when he comes to New York in citizen's clothes and on purely civil business? It seems of doubtful equity to compel our mild-mannered metropolitan lawyers to confront not only the learning and acumen of a Boston counsellor, but, in addition, to stand up against the associated terror of an awe-inspiring Massachusetts military designation, which very possibly General Peabody would have left at home, along with his spurs and howitzer, if he could have had his way about it; for the worst of honorary military titles is that they slip on easy and come off hard.

Yale appears to be about to come in for an exceedingly comfortable legacy from the estate of a person whom no one has hitherto suspected of an intention to be her benefactor. William Lampson, of Leroy, in western New York, who died on February 14, is stated to have left her the bulk of his estate, estimated to be worth a million dollars. He was a man who lived an unusual life in an unusual village, and there is at least one piece of very odd property in his estate. Leroy, where he was born and lived, used to be a sort of university town, and has long been the home of a good many cultivated people. Ingham University, which flourished there until 1892, was a girls' school of note. It collapsed four years ago because of lack of support and insufficient endowment, and its buildings and real estate came into the possession of Mr. Lampson, who has probably left it, along with his other effects, to Yale. Why he did not prefer to endow his home institution instead of one in Connecticut is a question that Leroy people may be asking; but he did not, and very likely his reasons were good. He graduated from Yale in 1862, and seems to have lived quietly at Leroy ever since. He was a bachelor, and is described as a recluse. He inherited property, succeeded his father as president of a bank, loaned, gathered, and husbanded, and had much to leave. His nearest relatives at the time of his death are said to have been the family of that Sir George Lampson, of Rowfant, in England, whose daughter Frederick Locker married, and whose famous collection of books was prized by his son-in-law, and commended by him in agreeable verse.

Mr. Lampson is reported to have owned, at the time of his death, most of the business part of the village in which he lived and large tracts of land in the Genesee Valley. The recent discussion as to the proper way to use money suggests some reflections on the usefulness of such a life as his seems to have been. No details about his habits or character are at hand; but suppose that he was, as he seems to have been, a country banker, who lived rather simply, without display or any considerable expenditure for luxuries, loaned his money on mortgages, added interest to principal, accumulated real estate by the slow process of foreclosure, and finally turned over the results of his thrift to promote the higher education. That would appear to be a life that should square fairly with the ideals of critics who disapprove of lavishing funds in high living and gorgeous entertainments. Is there anything, on the whole, which a man who has more income than he needs may better do with his surplus than to save it? It has been the custom of the world these many ages to look upon men who save up a very large proportion of their incomes as useless people, whose money did no one any good. But nobody hoards nowadays. No one in his senses, and who is really thrifty, hides his treasure in a stocking or buries it. The contemporary accumulator lends his funds on mortgage at a moderate rate of interest, and what he cannot keep in sight in that way he invests as safely as he can in some sort of business. He tries to keep his money in constant use, paying wages and developing industries. Yet if he goes on accumulating, and spends very little on himself, and gives away little during his lifetime, he is apt to be regarded with qualified favor by his neighbors, and to be spoken of as "close"; whereas the man who spends freely is looked upon as liberal, and is popular with his associates. It seems possible that the contemporary political economists will direct us to revise our opinions of accumulators (we used to call them misers), and bid us look upon them with special respect as self-denying persons whose instincts are of great value to the community, and whose wealth, once it is gathered and turned into capital, stands practically ready to promote any enterprise which appears to an astute investor to offer prospects of success. Can it be, then, that the conditions of life have so changed that avarice, which used to be a good old-gentlemanly vice, has come to be (*vide* Fayerweather, and now perhaps Mr. Lampson) a praiseworthy old-gentlemanly virtue?

Bishop Doane appeared, on February 16, before a committee of the Assembly in support of Mr. Laimbeer's bill to include the seventh commandment among the statutes of the State of New York, and to provide penalties for the breach of it. The bishop declared that Mormonism is very prevalent in New York city, though it is not called by that name. The prevailing and somewhat conspicuous disagreement between the widows of the late Lawyer Brooke, and the appearance last week before Justice Van Wyck, of Brooklyn, of three claimants to a widow's share in the estate of the late Thomas Townsend, make this an inconvenient week to hurl back the bishop's insinuations.

There is agitation on Zion's Hill, in the town of Andover, in Massachusetts, over the intentions of sundry lumbermen to carry a steam saw-mill to the adjacent "Indian Ridge," and to saw the pines of that picturesque tract into boards. The town is too honest or too thrifty to spend $4000 of the public money in buying the twenty-three acres of ridge for a park, but an effort is being made to do it by subscription, and to make of the property bought a town forest, to be managed on forestry principles, to the profit of the town and as an example to all the neighbors. The tract, together with another of nine acres adjoining, which the town owns already, is of especial interest, both because of its beauty and because it offers an unusually good example of the effects of glacial drift. Geologists go yearly to inspect it.

Poor Philo McGiffen! He deserved a better end than to die (February 11) by his own hand in a hospital. And yet his death, such as it was, was cheerful and courageous, and even considerate, and the state of his battered body and tormented mind acquits him of a guilty responsibility for his own taking off. He was thirty-four years old, and the record of his adventurous life is most extraordinary. In 1877, before he went to the Naval Academy, he distinguished himself in the famous Pittsburg railroad strike by running an engine through a mob, after re-enforcements, for which exploit he received a medal and a vote of thanks from the Common Council of Pittsburg. While in the Academy he received the thanks of the Secretary of the Navy for rescuing two children from a burning building, and was complimented in a general order for a daring feat aboard ship in a storm at sea. His career in China is more familiar. When the war with Japan broke out, he was in the service of China as the head of the Chinese Naval School and as "fighting commander" of the *Chen-yuen*. He has himself told of the terrific fight of the Yalu, in which his ship was hit 400 times and set on fire, but survived the battle, and finally limped away uncaptured. McGiffen survived too, and fought the fight out with astonishing dash and persistence, but came out of it too shattered ever to be perfectly repaired, so that when he died it was but a sequel of the fight of the Yalu.

He was born in Washington, Pennsylvania, in 1862, and graduated at Annapolis in 1882. What a pity, when so much American money is going into war-ships, that so much American valor should have spent itself to so little purpose in a foreign fight!

General Joe Shelby, who died near Adrian, Missouri, on February 13, had nearly as strong a turn for adventure as Captain McGiffen, and had a much longer life in which to work it out. His war record is like a story by Weyman or Antony Hope. He was born in Lexington, Kentucky (*nutrix leonum*), in 1831, and became a slaveholder in Missouri, and a leader of raids into Kansas in the "border-troubles" times. When the war broke out he joined the Confederate side, quickly became a colonel of cavalry, and then recruited in Missouri Shelby's brigade, which fought zealously through the war, and could not bring itself to surrender when the war closed. So Shelby led a remnant of it off through Texas into Mexico, and offered his services with one thousand men to Maximilian, who declined them, by advice of Marshal Bazaine. He turned freight-contractor then, and staid in Mexico two years, having some exceedingly interesting experiences with Maximilian, and at least one highly dramatic fight. In 1867, after the Emperor's death, General Shelby came back to Missouri to his farm, where he lived in retirement until 1893, when President Cleveland appointed him United States Marshal for the Western District of Missouri. During the railroad strike of 1894 he was active in suppressing rioters, and thereby incurred a remonstrance from Governor Stone, who thought that the United States troops were being used to the prejudice of the deathless doctrine of States' rights. But Shelby told him that the States'-rights question had been settled at Appomattox, and went on quelling riot with a convert's zeal.

Persons who are adapted by intellectual and spiritual equipment to be High-Church Episcopalians seem to find excellent entertainment in that fold. Comment has hardly cleared yet on the very interesting novelty that was provided for some of them on the 30th of January in New York and Philadelphia, in the shape of celebrations of the anniversary of "King Charles the Martyr," the same being no less familiar and recent a personage than the late Charles I. of England. Pious and respectable as King Charles was, it put the casual newspaper-reader to his stumps to guess why two American churches should be putting themselves to trouble and expense to keep his memory green; but there is an explanation of it which partly explains. It is held that Charles might have saved his life if he had agreed to abolish the episcopacy. On that ground he is held to be a martyr. He was canonized after the Restoration, and his day kept in England for more than a century; but the enthusiasm about it gradually fell off, and in 1859 Queen Victoria, with the help of Parliament, abolished the service for his day, removed his prayer from the Prayer-book, and took his name off of the saints' calendar. Later a society of persons, not otherwise fully occupied, was started in England to observe this day of the only English saint made since the Reformation, and branch societies have since been started in this country. A portrait of Charles in saintly guise, painted by Oswald Fleuss, has been hung in the Church of the Evangelists in Philadelphia, and was unveiled with many ceremonies at the recent celebration. Bishop Perry, of Iowa, the same who was so zealously opposed to making Phillips Brooks a bishop, pronounced a eulogy on King Charles, and eight other bishops and Dr. Morgan Dix, of New York, sent their blessings to the service. How many kinds of pious people there are in this interesting world, and how odd the activities of some of them do seem to us, their more prosaic fellows!

A great deal that is interesting, edifying, encouraging, and instructive is being shown at the twelfth annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York, which opened on February 20 at the Fine Arts Society's building, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, and will continue until March 13. It is a free show, except on Tuesdays and Thursdays, when an admission-fee of fifty cents is charged. It includes upwards of 10,000 different exhibits from architects in all parts of the country, and from sculptors, artists, designers, and workers in various fabrics and materials. There are fifty designs by women, a large number from the T Square Club of Philadelphia, and an interesting lot from French and English exhibitors. Among other exhibits of special interest is the model of the design by Messrs. Price and French for the Hunt memorial in the east wall of Central Park.

The great majority of the men who fought in the civil war were very young, the average age being about twenty-three, so that the majority of the surviving veterans are still under fifty-five. But the men who were trained soldiers when the war broke out were, most of them, somewhat older. One of them was General Alfred Pleasonton, who died in Washington on February 17. He was born in 1824, graduated from West Point in 1844, and saw a great deal of hard service and had won distinction in the Mexican war and in Indian fighting, when the crisis of 1861 brought him his great opportunity. He became one of the famous cavalry leaders of the war. After Bull Run he was ordered to Washington from Utah, and in command of a regiment of cavalry soon won the rank of Brigadier-General. After the second battle of Malvern Hill and the retreat from the Chickahominy, McClellan assigned him to the command of all his cavalry. At Chancellorsville his charge on Stonewall Jackson checked the rout and saved the Army of the Potomac. In 1863 he commanded the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, and his attack at Beverly Ford (June 9) opened the campaign that culminated at Gettysburg. His appointment as Major-General followed. The next winter a committee of Congress recommended him for the command of the Army of the Potomac, but he was sent instead to the Department of Missouri, where he served with distinction under Rosecrans. In 1868 he resigned from the army. For some years he was a collector of internal revenue, and after that President of the Terre Haute and Cincinnati Railroad. In 1888 he was placed on the retired list of the army, with the rank of Colonel. Of late years he has been much out of health, and, possibly for that reason, has felt that his distinguished military services had met with an inadequate reward. As to that there may be room for discussion, but that his services were distinguished is not questioned.

E. S. Martin.

THE RECEPTION OF THE MOORISH HERALD, FROM MASSENET'S "LE CID," AS PERFORMED AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.—[See "Music and Drama," Page 198.]

SCENE IN THE OLD CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D.C., SHOWING PRESENT CONGESTED CONDITION.—DRAWN BY W. BENGOUGH.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

X.*—THE DECORATIONS OF MESSRS. BENSON, WALKER, MELCHERS, VAN INGEN, AND PEARCE.

IF any one had said two years or so ago that our government would some day prove itself a strong supporter of the fine arts, there would have been nothing but satire for the prophet of such a consummation. The United States have never patronized the artists in any worthy manner. Yet when the new Congressional Library is opened next month it will offer a splendid demonstration of the judicious policy of which the government is capable in such matters. The building will stand forth then as a national gallery of monumental art, in the dignity of its aims and in the lavishness of its embellishment second to none which can be cited from among modern structures abroad. It is true that the Hôtel de Ville in Paris may retain its pre-eminence through the splendor of its decorations, through the specific value of certain works from the brushes of the first masters of France; but it is not the comparative value of the decorations there and the decorations in Washington that is in question. What it is desired to point out is that not even the Hôtel de Ville has been more generously, more ambitiously adorned than our new Library. Our school of mural painting is in its infancy. The modern French school, founded and fostered by such men as Flandrin, Delaroche, Baudry, Galland, Puvis de Chavannes, and a dozen others, is at its apogee. But we have attempted at the outset as gigantic a task as that of which France has acquitted herself in her maturity on the walls of the Hôtel de Ville, and we have marked an epoch in our artistic history.

The steps in this work have been celebrated from time to time in the pages of this journal. We have described Mr. Blashfield's beautiful decorations in the dome over the rotunda; Mr. Vedder's and Mr. Maynard's paintings; the works of Mr. Kenyon Cox, Mr. J. W. Alexander, and of a considerable group of sculptors. In taking a final survey of the painted decorations we signalize the productions of no less than five artists who have recently completed their labors. Glancing through the Library as a mass, all these decorators seem to have been but factors in the evolution of one imposing effect. Scrutinizing their panels one by one, it is interesting to note how each man has, as a rule, put an independent idea into the building; how, in spite of his regard for the significance of the whole, he has preserved his originality, struck his own note. This point is of peculiar importance. The American school of mural decoration, we repeat, is still in process of formation, yet more than in any other form of art we have escaped the trammels of convention, we have developed our own ideas without that constant allusion to alien examples which has so often vitiated our painters of easel pictures. From the start there seems to have been a healthy refusal to meddle with old precedents. William Hunt, in his work at Albany, nearly a generation ago, had fewer links with the past than with the free and expansive future. His followers, in their first extensive experiments, those at the Chicago Fair, placed little reliance upon French or other traditions. They worked out their designs mostly in their own way. Sargent and Abbey, in the Boston Public Library, have been strikingly original, and at Washington there is practically no imitative work on the walls. This last fact we have emphasized repeatedly in touching upon the decorations of those men to whom explicit reference has been made above. We will show it again in the present discussion.

The octagonal and circular panels which Mr. F. W. Benson has dedicated—near to the threshold of the Library—to the seasons and to the graces, supply a perfect illustration of the unconventional and vitalized work which has been done at Washington. He has balanced his paintings most decoratively in the space assigned to them, but in each one he has produced a kind of medallion which leaves the freshest, most buoyant impression, as of something improvised on the spot, not developed out of study of other and older mural designs. This spontaneity has always been characteristic of Mr. Benson; and since it has made his canvases essentially animated things, it might have been expected that his ebullience would have disturbed the poise of set decorations. As a matter of fact, the mobile figures of his imagination have drifted naturally into the repose and symmetry which were demanded by the exigencies of his wall space at Washington. The "Winter" reveals an image of eager, elastic motion; the "Autumn" repeats that feeling of advancing force which has in previous works been one of Mr. Benson's happiest strokes; the "Summer" and "Spring" are both types of similar vitality; and in all these portraits the draperies set awhirl by the varying winds of bleak or sparkling days intensify the atmosphere of tremulous life which lies at the root of the artist's scheme. But nowhere does this element of realism conflict with the calm ideality of pose which has been sought. The flying robes surround the figures with lines as deftly placed as though they were architectural, and every here and there some cunning touch will enhance the decorative intention, as in the "Winter"—with its eloquent horizon-line near the lower edge of the panel—or in the landscape backgrounds of "Autumn" and "Summer."

It is in his backgrounds, indeed, that Mr. Benson has disclosed his power with perhaps more brilliancy than anywhere else. His figures are naturally of most importance, but their decorative value would not be half so great as is actually the case if it were not for the felicity of their arrangement with the few glimpses of land and water that Mr. Benson has cared to give us. Those glimpses are very restricted indeed, but they tell tremendously in the general result. Thus in the "Spring" there is an exquisite linear charm extracted from the stream which winds on behind the figure, and in the "Aglaia" there is a glamour thrown over the entire aspect of the Grace through the poetic wooded screen against which she is placed. "Thalia" is seated on a marble bench which is itself effective; and there is another cleverly placed bit of architecture here, in the shape of the temple on the left, in the distance; but again, in this medallion, the last touch is given to the design by a slightly formal treatment of the trees at the back. Over and over, when Mr. Benson has sent some picture of radiant woodland grace to the exhibitions, there has been felt beneath his apparently careless composition an undercurrent of decorative feeling. In these medallions he has let the feeling have its way, and at one bound has vindicated his authority in mural decoration. It is delightful to see how freely he has worked, how true he has been, within these rigidly fixed boundaries, to the sentiment of youth and loveliness which he understands so well. He has essayed to symbolize the sweetness of gentle women in these paintings, to interpret Thalia's debonair regard, to portray the subtlety of spring, and to infuse into all his types the spirit of the murmuring woods. He has accomplished his aim without a single qualification.

Something of the surprise which he offers—achieving in a flash the honors of a form of art to which he had not before devoted himself to any extent—is offered again by Mr. H. O. Walker in the apotheosis of the poets, which he has outlined in a succession of panels. This painter has been conspicuous first and last for an inspiration so fragile in its beauty, so delicate, so elusive, that to ask him to cover large wall spaces with his brush has seemed like breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. But in his most fairy-like and sensitive productions Mr. Walker has revealed an uncommon depth of emotion, a pensive tenderness which has assured us that however slender and unsubstantial his personages might be in their bodily form, they are unmistakably strong of soul. To say that there is a great moral weight to his work would not be, perhaps, exact. It is rather that through the purity of his imagination, through the fineness of his perception, through the unfailing poesy upon which he builds, the spectator gets a profound sense of reality from him, gets a belief in his types which is not always created by much more masculine inventions. Mr. Walker is never masculine in the sense of overbrimming vigor and of materialistic emphasis. His men and women, and, even more, his adolescent figures, move in a kind of sublimated angelic world. But how tangible is their angelhood, how living is their strange poetic life! There is nothing strenuous or hard in the figure symbolizing "Passion," in the long elliptical panel presided over by the genius of "Lyric Poetry," but the lithe figure has potentialities which may be clearly read in the dark face. Straight through this company of ideals—"Mirth," "Beauty," "Pathos," "Truth," "Devotion," and the two we have already mentioned—there is a plenitude of emotional vitality which makes Mr. Walker, as we have said, the peer of his most forcible, most impassioned colleagues. In fact, the calmness of his own temperament reflects itself advantageously in his work, gaining him great simplicity and clarity, the directness of a more than refined lyrist.

The lyrical style of these decorations is their greatest virtue, after their decorative rightness has been recognized. The central figure in the ellipse just mentioned is in the best sense an embodiment of poetry, her carriage

* Previous Articles on Congressional Library Decorations have appeared in the following Numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY: Paintings—Edwin H. Blashfield, No. 2038; Elihu Vedder, No. 2043; Kenyon Cox, No. 2048; George W. Maynard, No. 2071; Robert Reid, No. 2078; Frederick Dielman, No. 2085; J. W. Alexander, No. 2092. Sculptures—G. E. Bissell, J. J. Boyle, J. Donoghue, C. E. Dallin, No. 2067; F. Macmonnies, No. 2081; H. Adams, F. W. Ruckstuhl, J. J. Boyle, No. 2090.

and her expression being eloquent of the inspiration she is supposed to typify. In the smaller panels the result is the same. The figure of Endymion, dedicated to Keats, is an admirable realization of the shepherd; the boyish Wordsworth is an equally sympathetic personification; and while the Ganymede painted for the Tennyson panel seems hardly as clear or as convincing in its symbolism, the winged Uriel is a very apt portrayal of the genius of Emerson, the prostrate Adonis is happily Shakespearian, and the Comus, in all but the racial elements in the face, is a worthy tribute to Milton's lyrical spirit. Mr. Walker's color is like his style of execution, remarkably suave and discreet, never striking a high note, and never falling into obscurity, either, when wreaked upon the subtlest passages. He has added to the Library perhaps the most thoroughly exquisite paintings there. No one certainly, whether in the Washington edifice or in our local exhibitions, has ever quite touched the point of refinement and sweetness at which he finds his most characteristic effects. The fibre of his art is of the purest. That he has strength, spiritual strength, is shown by the mild and elevating beauty of his art. That he has the strength, the executive strength, of an accomplished painter, is made plain by the sound composition and noble handling of masses in these poetic decorations.

Mr. Gari Melchers has attacked, in his "Peace" and "War," themes of as suggestive a nature as those exploited by Mr. Benson and Mr. Walker, and his well-filled ellipses certainly run through a wide enough gamut of symbolism. From the eager hounds in the forefront of his "War" to the fainting soldier at the extreme other end of the same composition, he has realized a sufficiently varied procession of types. In the "Peace" he has disclosed as broad a range in characterization. But we are far less inclined to examine the personalities of these boldly painted warriors and priests than to follow the unfolding of the artist's decorative idea. This has been processional in both panels, but in neither has he degenerated into commonplace forms. On the contrary, the "War" has been painted on such informal lines that it threatens to lose its equilibrium at that end which is most crowded with figures. But the balance holds true, on the whole, and Mr. Melchers obtains, through the simple breadth of his style, through his massive handling of the horses and brawny warriors, an impressiveness which excites warm admiration. The slope of the hills in the background counts heavily in the outcome, lending precisely the contrast needed to the prancing black horse, the advancing dogs, and the hurrying crowd in the rear. It will be remembered that Mr. Melchers painted a decoration not unlike this for the Chicago Fair, and there is a portion of the "Peace," which also recalls the frescoes of 1893. But he has worked over his material to such good purpose that it seems positively new. Mr. Melchers has an exceptionally good style of execution, which goes more for justice and brilliancy in masses than for charm in details. If it were not for the daintily sketched background to the "Peace," we should say that he had no appreciation of the higher planes of sensuous beauty at all. But if his work is simple to the point of bluntness, and masculine to the point of brutality, it is none the less well pondered, tactfully grouped, and in the fullest sense decorative.

The four panels by Mr. William Brantley Van Ingen differ from those traversed above in recalling foreign models. There is a hint of the old Venetians in his sumptuously attired women, and the rich tones of his surfaces are also calculated to imply more or less conscious emulation of the Renaissance. But, on the other hand, this artist has introduced such accessories into his designs, that there is no mistaking the American spirit of his scheme. The circular wreath in the centre of each decoration, with its citation from Washington or Jefferson or Webster, is not merely national in what it tells, but is original and modern in effect.

Between these inscriptions and the further limits of his spaces Mr. Van Ingen has placed his figures with considerable skill, disposing each one in a pose not only natural, but contributive to the harmony of the entire decoration. The panels repeat one another in the general arrangement, differing in the accessories and in the personalities of the opulent geniuses who support the inscribed centres. These graceful women are Mr. Van Ingen's most successful passages. The memory of the old masters may be there, but they have an attractiveness which is their own. So also have the individualities presented by Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce in his paintings of "Labor," "Religion," "The Family," and other subjects identified with the civilization of the world. He has all his life been painting on a much smaller scale than in the present instance, and in one or two of the decorations he has paid more attention to detail than is consistent with the broad surfaces of a wall. But his long years of experience in delineating the peasant types of France have made his two youths in "Labor" extremely engaging in their sinewy strength, and he has grouped them well in a picturesque setting. The two primitive worshippers in "Religion" are even more comely in themselves, and more artistic in the composition they make. Here, again, Mr. Pearce handles his landscape background in a skilfully decorative manner. The "Religion," in fact, registers his high-water mark.

What the fruits of this great artistic undertaking at Washington will be it is impossible to foretell. The wise policy which has secured the paintings and statues in the Library, which has permitted Mr. Casey to carry out in the general adornment of the interior a scheme of architectural and decorative excellence practically unknown before in the history of our public buildings, may be slow to continue its beneficent way. The fact that we have obtained the Library does not make it certain that all the buildings of the nation are to be handed over to the best architects in the country, with authority to employ the best sculptors and painters in their embellishment. But surely a great movement onward has been made possible by the work at the Library—a movement which may be retarded for a while, but can never be permanently arrested. Little by little the bonds between the arts are being increased in number and strengthened. Little by little the idea that a building must be not only serviceable but beautiful is winning its way. In the permanent erection of a noble standard and in the encouragement of noble aims the decorations at Washington render a service to the country whose value will be appreciated more and more as time goes on.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

NEW DEPARTURES FOR THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

BY THE REV. BISHOP JOHN F. HURST, LL.D.

THE time has come for some new methods in the entire system of legislation on the Congressional Library. What with the vast additional literary machinery made necessary by the new copyright law and the magnificent new building, which has cost eight millions of dollars, it is now time to lift the whole library out of its simple and provincial environment into a truly national treasury of universal knowledge.

In 1800 the Congress appropriated the modest little sum of $5000 "for the purchase of such books as may be necessary for the use of Congress at the said city of Washington." This was the humble beginning of our national collection of books. But the sailing has not been smooth. Two fires have done their deadly work. However, there have been compensations. The library of Thomas Jefferson, who was a wise and tireless collector when rare books could be had in foreign capitals with ease, was purchased in 1815; in 1865 the Force Historical Library was acquired; in 1867 the Smithsonian Library was absorbed; and in 1882 the collection of Washingtoniana was presented by its illustrious founder, the late Dr. Toner of Washington. Then the passage of the law, twenty-five years ago, requiring two copies of every new copyright book and pamphlet to be deposited in the Congressional Library, has added an immense number of volumes. As a result, we have to-day an aggregate of 740,000 in the entire collection. In the spring the removal of these many volumes to the new building will be begun. The space already awaiting books will accommodate 1,800,000, and when all available space is made use of 4,500,000 books can be placed easily and in excellent order.

Few persons have any conception of the magnitude of the new building. The Library and its connecting rooms have 111,000 square feet, or about 20,000 square feet more than the British Museum. The total floor space, not including the cellar, is almost eight acres.

What, now, shall we do with it? Shall it be narrow, and a football of parties, its *personnel* determined by political fluctuations; its management be controlled by committees whose tastes and pursuits have lain in fields remote? We hope not.

The name Library of Congress is no more in place. It is not a library of Congress at all. Each House has its own library, as do all the great departments of the government. Neither is National Library the proper term. The best name is The Library of the United States, being stronger, more individual, more concrete, and incorporating the name of the government whose it is.

Let the librarian be relieved of all the burden of copyright business. He should have supervision of the books which are in existence, not of the legalizing of nascent books. That business no more belongs to him than to the Patent Office or to the Treasury. The present librarian, Hon. A. R. Spofford, is a cyclopædia in himself; but he and his successors ought to be permitted to devote their energies to the extension, ordering, arrangement, consolidation, and improvement of the Library as a collection of selected books, and not a conglomeration of many books.

Think of the present scanty appropriation at the librarian's service—$11,000! Out of this he must buy serials and law-books, and these alone consume over one-half his entire sum. He has therefore only a pittance for investment in valuable books. How can he compete with historical and other libraries or with private buyers in the purchase of literary treasures? The Library of Berlin has $33,000 annual appropriation for the purchase of new books; the National Library of France spends $36,000; and the British Museum has at its disposal $70,000 a year for the purchase of books from all parts of the world. Yet here in the United States we doubt if the librarian has at his service more than $4000 for the acquisition of rare and valuable books.

Some lines in which our national collection needs special accessions are these: 1. American books published prior to the operation of the copyright law enacted in 1870. 2. Pamphlets, published prolifically, but usually without copyright. 3. A larger number of representative periodicals, dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and those of less frequent publication, bound well for preservation. 4. Foreign books, especially classics, works in philology, and the literary treasures of the Orient.

One of the most notable of all the great needs of the National Library is in the department of incunabulæ, or books printed during the fifteenth century—the period when printing was invented. Few indeed are the treasures which illustrate the triumphs of the presses of Gutenberg, Fust, Schoeffer, Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and even Pynson, Zell, and Zainer. The Astor Library possesses such works as Caxton's *Polichronicon*, while the Lenox can boast of Gutenberg's *Catholicon* and many another priceless gem of the first generation of printers. But few indeed are the incunabulæ which our great library at Washington claims.

For magnificent issues of the earliest presses there is many a private library in the United States which far excels that at the Capitol. The cry at Washington has been for political books. This, naturally, is the first want, and always has been; but we hope the day is near by when those who are charged with looking after the general needs of our national collection of books will have the liberty of using generous sums to secure for this new land and its multiplying specialists in typography large accessions to the earliest examples of the art. The very sight of an open copy of one of Peter Schoeffer's matchless books would be ample payment for many a weary mile to Washington.

Happily for the future, the old threadbare complaint that there is no room in the Library for new and valuable books has no further ground. In style of architecture and in convenience there is probably no equal to our new Library. Indeed, this new home for the nation's books has every one of these essential qualities for a good library: light in abundance and well distributed, excellent ventilation, large capacity with economy of storage, ease of access, and methods for prompt and thorough service. As expenditures on the building are now ceasing, the time is opportune for increased appropriations for utilizing the vast interior for the highest literary, scientific, and historical purposes, and to make a collection which shall rival not only the largest but the best in the world.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.*

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IV.—ON BOARD THE HOUSE-BOAT.

MEANWHILE the ladies were not having such a bad time, after all. Once having gained possession of the House-boat, they were loath to think of ever having to give it up again, and it is an open question in my mind if they would not have made off with it themselves had Captain Kidd and his men not done it for them.

"I'll never forgive these men for their selfishness in monopolizing all this," said Elizabeth, with a vicious stroke of a billiard cue, which missed the cue-ball and tore a right angle in the cloth. "It is not right."

"No," said Portia. "It is all wrong; and when we get back home I'm going to give my beloved Bassanio a piece of my mind; and if he doesn't give in to me, I'll reverse my decision in the famous case of Shylock *versus* Antonio."

"Then I sincerely hope he doesn't give in," retorted Cleopatra, "for I swear by all my auburn locks that that was the very worst bit of injustice ever perpetrated. Mr. Shakespeare confided to me one night, at one of Mrs. Cæsar's card parties, that he regarded that as the biggest joke he ever wrote, and Judge Blackstone observed to Antony that the decision wouldn't have held in any court of equity outside of Venice. If you owe a man a thousand ducats, and it costs you three thousand to get them, that's your affair, not his. If it cost Antonio every drop of his bluest blood to pay the pound of flesh, it was Antonio's affair, not Shylock's. However, the world applauds you as a great jurist, when you had nothing more than a woman's keen instinct for sentimental technicalities."

"It would have made a horrid play, though, if it had gone on," shuddered Elizabeth.

"That may be, but, carried out realistically, it would have done away with a raft of bad actors," said Cleopatra. "I'm half sorry it didn't go on, and I'm sure it wouldn't have been any worse than compelling Brutus to fall on his sword until he resembled a chicken liver *en brochette*, as is done in that Julius Caesar play."

"Well, I'm very glad I did it," snapped Portia.

"I should think you would be," said Cleopatra. "If you hadn't done it, you'd never have been known. What was that?"

The boat had given a slight lurch.

"Didn't you hear a shuffling noise up on deck, Portia?" asked the Egyptian Queen.

"I thought I did, and it seemed as if the vessel had moved a bit," returned Portia, nervously; for, like most women in an advanced state of development, she had become a martyr to her nerves.

"It was merely the wash from one of Charon's new ferry-boats, I fancy," said Elizabeth, calmly. "It's disgusting the way that old fellow allows these modern innovations to be brought in here! As if the old paddle-boats he used to carry shades in weren't good enough for the immigrants of this age! Really this Styx River is losing a great deal of its charm. Sir Walter and I were upset, while out rowing one day last summer, by the waves kicked up by one of Charon's excursion steamers going up the river with a party of picnickers from the city—the Greater Gehenna Chowder Club, I believe it was—on board of her. One might just as well live in the midst of the turmoil of a great city as try to get uninterrupted quiet here in the suburbs in these days. Charon isn't content to get rich slowly; he must make money by the barrelful, if he has to sacrifice all the comfort of everybody living on this river. Anybody'd think he was an American, the way he goes on; and everybody else here is the same way. The Erebeans are getting to be a race of shopkeepers."

"I think myself," sighed Cleopatra, "that Hades is being spoiled by the introduction of American ideas—it is getting by far too democratic for my tastes; and if it isn't stopped, it's my belief that the best people will stop coming here. Take Madame Récamier's salon as it is now and compare it with what it used to be! In the early days, after her arrival here, everybody went because it was the swell thing, and you'd be sure of meeting the intellectually elect. On the one hand you'd find Sophocles; on the other, Cicero; across the room would be Horace chatting gayly with some such person as myself. Great warriors, from Alexander to Bonaparte, were there, and glad of the opportunity to be there, too; statesmen like Macchiavelli; artists like Cellini or Tintoretto. You couldn't move without stepping on the toes of genius. But now all is different. The money-getting instinct has been aroused within them all, with the result that when I invited Mozart to meet a few friends at dinner at my place last autumn, he sent me a card stating his terms for dinners. Let me see, I think I have it with me; I've kept it by me for fear of losing it, it is such a complete revelation of the actual condition of affairs in this locality. Ah! this is it," she added, taking a small bit of pasteboard from her card-case. "Read that."

The card was passed about, and all the ladies were much astonished—and naturally so, for it ran this wise:

NOTICE TO HOSTESSES.

Owing to the very great, constantly growing, and at times vexatious demands upon his time socially,

HERR WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

takes this method of announcing to his friends that on and after January 1, 1897, his terms for functions will be as follows:

	Marks.
Dinners with conversation on the Theory of Music	500
Dinners with conversation on the Theory of Music, illustrated	750
Dinners without any conversation	300
Receptions, public, with music	1000
" private, "	750
Encores (single)	100
Three encores for	150
Autographs	10

Positively no Invitations for Five-o'clock Teas or Morning Musicals considered.

"Well, I declare!" tittered Elizabeth, as she read. "Isn't that extraordinary? He's got the three name craze, too!"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2094.

MADAME RÉCAMIER HAS A PLAN.

"It's perfectly ridiculous," said Cleopatra. "But it's fairer than Artemus Ward's plan. Mozart gives notice of his intentions to charge you; but with Ward it's different. He comes, and afterwards sends a bill for his fun. Why, only last week I got a 'quarterly statement' from him showing a charge against me of thirty-eight dollars for humorous remarks made to my guests at a little chafing-dish party I gave in honor of Balzac, and, worst of all, he had marked it 'Please remit.' Even Antony, when he wrote a sonnet to my eyebrow, wouldn't let me have it until he had heard whether or not Boswell wanted it for publication in the *Gossip*. With Rubens giving chalk-talks for pay, Phidias doing 'Five-minute Masterpieces in Putty' for suburban lyceums, and all the illustrious in other lines turning their genius to account through the entertainment bureaus, it's impossible to have a salon now."

"You are indeed right," said Madame Récamier, sadly. "Those were palmy days when genius was satisfied with chicken salad and lemonade. I shall never forget those nights when the wit and wisdom of all time were—ah—were on tap at my house, if I may so speak, at a cost to me of gas and supper. Now the only people who will come for nothing are those we used to think of paying to stay away. Boswell is always ready, but you can't run a salon on Boswell."

"Well," said Portia, "I sincerely hope that you won't give up the functions altogether, because I have always found them most delightful. It is still possible to have gas and supper."

"I have a plan for next winter," said Madame Récamier, "but I suppose I shall be accused of going into the commercial side of it if I adopt it. The plan is, briefly, to incorporate my salon. That's an idea worthy of an American, I admit; but if I don't do it, I'll have to give it up entirely, which, as you intimate, would be too bad. An incorporated salon, however, would be a grand thing, if only because it would perpetuate the salon. 'The Récamier Salon (Limited)' would be a most excellent title, and, suitably capitalized, would enable us to pay our lions sufficiently. Private enterprise is powerless under modern conditions. It's as much as I can afford to pay for a dinner, without running up an expense account for guests; and unless we get up a salon trust, as it were, the whole affair must go to the wall."

"How would you make it pay?" asked Portia.

"That is simple enough," said Madame Récamier. "We could put up a large reception-hall with a portion of our capital, and advertise a series of nights—say one a week throughout the season. These would be Warriors' Night, Story-tellers' Night, Poets' Night, Chafing-dish Night under the charge of Brillat-Savarin, and so on. It would be understood that on these particular evenings the most interesting people in certain lines would be present, and would mix with outsiders, who should be admitted only on payment of a certain sum of money. The commonplace inhabitants of this country could thus meet the truly great; and if I know them well, as I think I do, they'll pay readily for the privilege. The obscure love to rub up against the famous here as well as they do on earth."

"You'd run a sort of Social Zoo?" suggested Elizabeth.

"Precisely; and provide entertainment for private residences, too. An advertisement in Boswell's paper, which everybody buys—"

"And which nobody reads," said Portia.

"They read the advertisements," retorted Madame Récamier. "As I was saying, an advertisement could be placed in Boswell's paper as follows: 'Are you giving a Function? Do you want Talent? Get your Genius at the Récamier Salon (Limited).' It would be magnificent as a business enterprise. The common herd would be tickled to death to get great people at their homes, even if they had to pay roundly for them."

"It would look well in the society notes, wouldn't it, if Mr. John Boggs gave a reception, and at the close of the account it said, 'The supper was furnished by Calizetti, and the genius by the Récamier Salon (Limited)'?" suggested Elizabeth, scornfully.

"I must admit," replied the French lady, "that you call up an unpleasant possibility, but I don't really see what else we can do if we want to preserve the salon idea. Somebody has told these talented people that they have a commercial value, and they are availing themselves of the demand."

"It is a sad age!" sighed Elizabeth.

"Well, all I've got to say is just this," put in Xanthippe: "You people who get up functions have brought this condition of affairs on yourselves. You were not satisfied to go ahead and indulge your passion for lions in a moderate fashion. Take the case of Demosthenes last winter, for instance. His wife told me that he dined at home three times during the winter. The rest of the time he was out, here, there, and everywhere, making after-dinner speeches; and the saving on his dinner bills didn't pay his pebble account, much less remunerate him for his time, and the fearful expense of nervous energy to which he was subjected; and it was as much as she could do to keep him from shaving one side of his head, so that he couldn't go out, the way he used to do in Athens when he was afraid he would be invited out and couldn't scare up a decent excuse for refusing."

"Did he do that?" cried Elizabeth, with a roar of laughter.

"So the cyclopædias say. It's a good plan, too," said Xanthippe. "Though Socrates never had to do it. When I got the notion Socrates was going out too much, I used to hide his dress clothes. Then there was the case of Rubens. He gave a Carbon Talk at the Sforza's Thursday Night Club, merely to oblige Madame Sforza, and three weeks later discovered that she had sold his pictures to pay for her gown! You people simply run it into the ground. You kill the goose that when taken at the flood leads on to fortune. It advertises you, does the lion no good, and he is expected to be satisfied with confectionery, material and theoretical. If they are getting tired of candy and compliments, it's because you have forced too much of it upon them."

"They like it, just the same," retorted Récamier. "A genius likes nothing better than the sound of his own voice, when he feels that it is falling on aristocratic ears. The social laurel rests pleasantly on many a noble brow."

"True," said Xanthippe. "But when a man gets a pile of Christmas wreaths a mile high on his head, he begins to wonder what they will bring on the market. An occasional wreath is very nice, but by the ton they are apt to weigh on his mind. Up to a certain point notoriety is like a woman, and a man is apt to love it; but when it becomes exacting, demanding instead of permitting itself to be courted, it loses its charm."

"That is Socratic in its wisdom," smiled Portia.

"But Xanthippic in its origin," returned Xanthippe. "No man ever gave me my ideas."

As Xanthippe spoke, Lucretia Borgia burst into the room.

"Hurry and save yourselves!" she cried. "The boat has broken loose from her moorings, and is floating down the stream. If we don't hurry up and do something, we'll drift out to sea!"

"What?" cried Cleopatra, dropping her cue in terror, and rushing for the stairs. "I was certain I felt a slight motion. You said it was the wash from one of Charon's barges, Elizabeth."

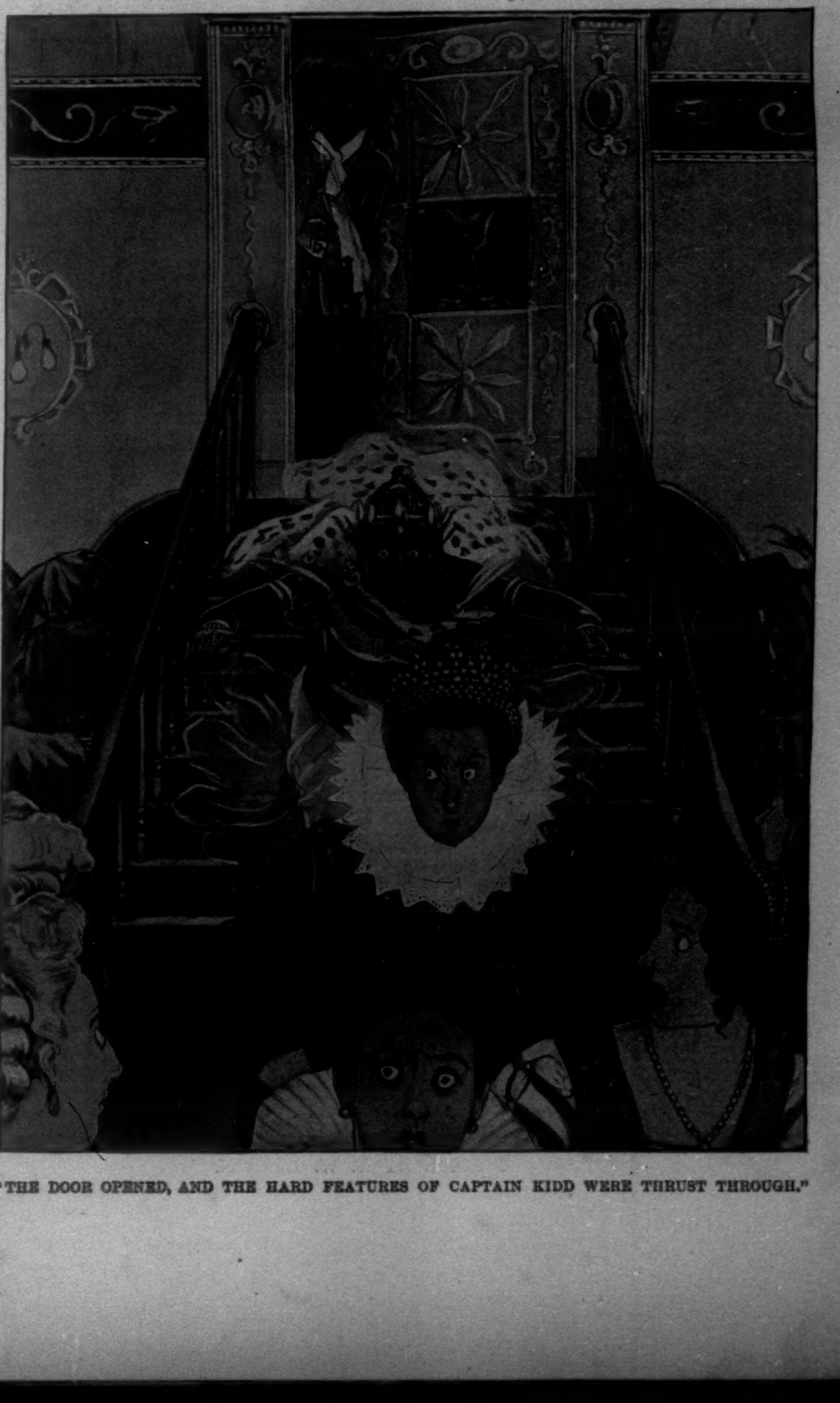
"I thought it was," said Elizabeth, following closely after.

"Well, it wasn't," moaned Lucretia Borgia. "Calpurnia just looked out of the window, and discovered that we were in mid-stream."

The ladies crowded anxiously about the stair and attempted to ascend, Cleopatra in the van; but as the Egyptian Queen reached the doorway to the upper deck, the door opened, and the hard features of Captain Kidd were thrust roughly through, and his strident voice rang out through the gathering gloom. "Pipe my eye for a sardine if we haven't captured a female seminary!" he cried.

And one by one the ladies, in terror, shrank back into the billiard-room, while Kidd, overcome by surprise, slammed the door to, and retreated into the darkness of the forward deck to consult with his followers as to "what next."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"THE DOOR OPENED, AND THE HARD FEATURES OF CAPTAIN KIDD WERE THRUST THROUGH."

SPRING.

AUTUMN.

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AGLAIA.

PANELS BY F. W. BENSON.

THE MUSE OF LYRIC POETRY, ATTENDED BY PASSION A

WORDSWORTH—"THE BOY OF WINANDER."

MILTON—"COMUS."

Paintings, Copyright, 1896-1897, by H. O. Walker.

KEATS—"ENDYMION."

PANELS BY

DECORATIVE PANELS BY H. O. WALKER AND F. W. BENSON IN T

SION AND PATHOS, BEAUTY AND TRUTH, MIRTH AND DEVOTION.

TENNYSON—"GANYMEDE."

SHAKESPEARE—"ADONIS."

From Copley Prints, Copyright, 1897, by Curtis & Cameron.

EMERSON—"URIEL."

BY H. O. WALKER.

SUMMER.

WINTER.

Paintings, Copyright, 1896–1897, by Frank W. Benson. From Copley Prints, Copyright, 1897, by Curtis & Cameron.

THALIA.

PANELS BY F. W. BENSON.

N THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[See Page 201.]

THE VALUE OF THE ANTI-BRYAN DEMOCRATIC VOTE IN 1896.

CONCERNING THE MAP AND TABLES.

THE map is intended to be a graphic exhibit of important election results. Its chief object is specified in the title. The plan is explained in a general way by means of diagrams and notes of reference. A few supplementary remarks in the text may be of service.

Division of the States.—For purpose of illustration the States have been classed in two groups. The larger, containing thirty-three, includes all States east of the Dakotas and Nebraska, and also those east of Kansas, of the Indian Territory, and of Texas. Oregon is the only State west of this boundary-line belonging to the larger class. Reference to tables I. and II. will reveal the names of States in this class. The remainder comprises California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Dakota, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, and Washington. Reference notes on the face of the map will explain why this group of States has been separately classified. As silver-producing or Populist States, or both, any anti-Bryan sentiment practically expressed in the shape of pluralities could not well be considered a fair indication of popular sentiment, although such expressions were not wanting.

THE EXHIBIT FOR EACH STATE IN THE LARGER GROUP.

It will be noted that four facts are given for each of the States in the larger group. These are:

1. *The number of counties giving a Republican plurality in 1896, their previous record being Democratic.*
2. *The aggregate of pluralities given in 1896 by such counties.*
3. The aggregate of pluralities given in 1896 by counties whose vote in 1892 and 1896 was in favor of the Republican ticket.
4. The total Palmer vote of the State, 1896.

Example.—As an example, take New York. Look at the contents of the diagram to be found within the State boundaries. The first of the four lines shows that, out of sixty counties in the State, fourteen Democratic counties changed sides in 1896, voting in favor of McKinley.

The second line shows that the aggregate of pluralities given by these fourteen counties in favor of McKinley was 103,584.

On the third line appears the aggregate (162,355) of pluralities given in 1896 by counties whose record for 1892 and 1896 was in favor of the Republican nominee.

The last line shows that the total State vote for the Palmer and Buckner electors was 19,295.

THE AGGREGATE.

Above the northwestern boundary of the map may be seen the aggregate for each of the groups. The results recorded for the larger group show that, in these thirty-three States, 274 counties changed from Democratic in 1892 to Republican in 1896; that the aggregate of the pluralities in these 274 counties was 491,276; that the aggregate of pluralities for all counties giving a Republican plurality in 1892 and 1896 was 1,318,795; and that the aggregate Palmer vote for the United States was 135,122. This last line is a variation from the general plan. Whereas the first three lines in each diagram show figures for the given counties only, the Palmer vote shown is for the State, and, in the diagram of aggregates, for the United States.

THE TABLES, WITH REFERENCE TO THE LARGER GROUP.

A glance at Tables I. and II. will show that they contain interesting material developed from the facts as stated within the diagrams on the face of the map. The New York diagram, within the boundaries of that State on the map, shows that fourteen counties changed sides in 1896. By referring to the figures opposite New York, in Table II. (second column), it will be seen that out of these fourteen counties four had a previous unbroken Democratic record since 1872.

Then, by reading the figures opposite New York in Table I. (second and third columns), it may be observed that these four Democratic counties, after a quarter of a century's adherence to the claims of the regular Democratic nominees, placed a plurality of 61,907 votes to the credit of McKinley in 1896, and 10,055 to the credit of Palmer, the "sound-money" candidate.

Looking again at Table II., and afterwards at Table I., it will be seen that the ten remaining counties are distributed as follows: four, with a Democratic record since 1876, changed in 1896, and gave an aggregate Republican plurality of 13,517 in favor of McKinley, with 1339 votes for Palmer; and six counties, with Democratic pluralities in 1892, gave an aggregate of 28,160 for McKinley, and 1898 for Palmer.

SOME INTERESTING COMPARISONS.

Before passing to the facts and figures in the smaller group, it may be worth while to note some of the interesting features in Tables I., II., and III. so far as they refer to States included in the class described as "non-silver-producing States."

Table I. (first column).—Out of the thirty-three States in the list, twenty-five show counties changed from Democratic to Republican at the last Presidential election. Of these fifteen recorded, ten or more changes in 1896. The State recording the greatest number of changes (Democratic to Republican) in county pluralities, 1896, is Wisconsin, the five next highest being Virginia, Georgia, Pennsylvania, Iowa, and Kentucky.

VOTED FOR McKINLEY AFTER SUPPORTING SUCCESSIVE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

The second column in Table I.—still taking New York as an example—shows that more than 60,000 of the Republican pluralities, 1896, were given by four counties with a previous unbroken Democratic record extending back to the limit of the table—*i. e.*, the candidacy of Grant and Greeley in 1872. As a matter of fact, the Democratic record of Kings, New York, Rockland, and Westchester counties—the four referred to—was, up to this last election, without a break since the victory of Pierce in 1852.

The five States next highest in aggregate pluralities given by Democratic counties in 1896, with a similar previous record, are Maryland, Kentucky, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Wisconsin.

A cursory examination of the next alternate columns in Table I. shows that of the counties voting Democratic from 1876 to 1892, but Republican in 1896, Massachusetts gave the greatest aggregate for McKinley. The counties of Michigan give the highest aggregate among those who voted Democratic from 1884 to 1892, but changed to Republican in 1896. Those of Indiana take the lead among counties voting Democratic in 1888 and 1892, but Republican in 1896. In the column showing aggregates for counties voting in favor of Cleveland in 1892, but changing over to the Republican side at the election of last November, Illinois holds the most prominent place.

RANK OF STATES IN PLURALITIES OF DEMOCRATIC COUNTIES VOTING REPUBLICAN IN 1896.

The last two columns in Table I. contain many facts of interest, some of them startling to students of political history, and not a few surprising when considered in connection with localities and antecedents. Space will not permit an extended analysis. It may be pointed out, however, that, as a net result of the changes made by counties, eight States placed over 20,000 plurality each to the credit of the McKinley total vote. Of these, one (New York) exceeded 100,000, and three others (Illinois, New Jersey, and Wisconsin) exceeded 40,000 each.

STRENGTH OF THE STRICTLY SOUND-MONEY VOTE.

In the last column of Table I. appear the totals by States and aggregate of the Palmer vote, 1896, given by the same 274 counties. The fourteen counties of New York show the largest total of Palmer votes—over sixty-five per cent. of the Palmer vote for the whole State.

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.

The total of pluralities given for McKinley in 1896 by counties having a previous Democratic record extending back to 1872 and beyond (139,325) only falls short of the total shown in the 1892-1896 column (214,494) by 75,169. The proportion of the former to the aggregate (491,276), is, therefore, over twenty-eight per cent. Adding the 1876-1892 column to that of 1872-1892, it will be seen that the proportion becomes nearly forty-four per cent. Stripped of its details, Table I. shows:

(*a*) That, in round numbers, 500,000 plurality votes were cast for McKinley in 1896 by 274 counties having a previous unbroken Democratic record extending over a period of from four to twenty-four years.

(*b*) That forty-four per cent. of these 500,000 plurality votes were cast by counties with an unbroken Democratic record of twenty years or over, as distinct from the "fluctuating" counties with a shorter record.

(*c*) That the counties included in the table not only placed themselves on record as "anti-Bryan" by a direct Republican vote of 500,000, but added a Palmer vote of over 40,000.

The round numbers given above may appear excessive when compared with the actual figures in the table, but they are offset by an anti-Bryan vote in the silver-producing States. This includes thirty-six counties in California, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota, and Texas. The McKinley pluralities given by these thirty-six counties exceeded 9000, exclusive of over 1000 votes cast for Palmer.

Table II.—From the classified statement in Table II. it may be noted that the total of voting counties (1896) in the thirty-three non-silver-producing States is 1994. Of these 368 changed sides at the Presidential election held in November last, 274 counties previously Democratic giving pluralities in favor of McKinley.

Of this latter number seventy-two had each given a Democratic plurality at six preceding Presidential elections, and forty-nine at five preceding elections. The proportion of these two groups added (121) gives more than forty-four per cent. of the whole (274).

Table III.—Some very interesting deductions can be reached by a careful examination of the several columns in Table III. The headings to the columns explain the purport of each. It will be seen that of the twenty-three States giving a McKinley plurality in 1896, eleven give straight Democratic pluralities in 1892, one in the same year had a Fusion plurality, and one was carried by the People's or Populist party.

Net Results.—The net results shown on the right of Table III. throw much light on the usefulness of Tables I. and II. for record and reference.

COUNTIES IN SILVER-PRODUCING AND POPULIST STATES.

The diagrams on the map within the State boundaries of California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Dakota, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, and Washington give facts of a different character from those inserted in the diagrams of the larger group of thirty-three States dealt with in the first part of this article. For the above-named States, in the first space on each diagram, is shown the number of counties giving a Democratic plurality in 1896. Next below appears the number of counties credited with a Republican plurality at the last Presidential election. In the third space is entered the aggregate of pluralities given by the Democratic counties. The fourth and last contains the aggregate of pluralities for Republican counties. All the figures in the four divisions on each diagram refer to the last Presidential contest. The grand totals or aggregates for the twelve States are given in the left-hand diagram above the northwest boundary of the map proper.

NOTES CONCERNING THE SILVER-PRODUCING AND POPULIST STATES.

California.—Although California is in the McKinley column for 1896 by a small plurality, it comes within the classification of "silver-producing," with a full Populist vote, which, added to the Democratic vote by counties, exceeded the Republican vote for Governor in 1894 by more than 50,000. Silver product, 1893, 470,000 ounces.

Colorado.—By the diagram for Colorado on the map it may be noted that every county except two gave Bryan a plurality. This is consistent with the previous record of the State. In 1892, at the Presidential election, a fusion vote of Populists and silver Democrats was nearly 15,000 in excess of that cast by the Republicans. Silver product, 1893, 25,838,600 ounces.

Idaho.—Every county, in 1896, voted for Bryan. In 1892 the Populists gained a plurality of nearly 2000. Silver product, 1893, 3,910,700 ounces.

Kansas.—The Kansas counties voted largely for the Democratic-Populist nominee. The result of the election of 1892 showed the Populist nominee with a plurality exceeding 4500, the total Populist vote being 163,111. There was a straight "free-silver" vote of nearly 43,000 at an election for chief justice in 1895.

Montana.—Every county except two gave a Democratic plurality in 1896. At a Congressional election in 1894 the Populist vote was nearly fifty per cent. in excess of the regular Democratic vote. Silver product, 1893, 16,906,400 ounces.

Nebraska.—The proportion of Democratic to Republican counties in Nebraska, 1896, can readily be observed on the State diagram. So strong is the Populist sentiment in this State that, as given among the reference notes on the map, the Republican vote of 1892 was only a trifle in excess of 4000 over that of the Populists. Available statistics show that any Democratic candidate accepting the Populist platform would probably have received nearly if not quite as strong an indorsement as that accorded to the home-State nominee. This is evidenced by the results of 1894. The vote for Governor shows that a coalition of the Democratic-Populist and Silver-Democratic forces would have increased the Populist plurality on that occasion from 3000 to 10,000. The vote for a Supreme Court judge in 1895 produced a split Democratic-Silver-Populist total of more than 99,000, against 79,500 for the Republican candidate. Under harmonious auspices, even for this local office, the plurality or majority would have far exceeded the Bryan plurality of 1896.

Nevada.—Every county in Nevada gave a Democratic plurality in 1896. The Populist plurality in 1892 was over 4000. At the November election of last year the whole Democratic and Populist vote only brought out a plurality of 6439. Silver product, 1893, 1,561,300 ounces.

North Dakota.—A majority of the counties favored the Republican nominee. In 1892 the Populists had a plurality, and in 1894 the total Democratic and Populist vote was over 17,000.

South Dakota.—The strength of Democratic counties in this State was large at the last election, but less than might have been expected. As far back as 1890 the Farmers' Alliance and Democratic votes gave a total of 43,000 against 34,000 Republicans. In 1892 the vote of the Populists and Democrats together exceeded that of the Republicans. Silver product, 1893, 140,000 ounces.

Texas.—The apparently heavy Bryan plurality in Texas (more than 200,000) is not large considering the previous year's vote for Governor, when the total of Democrats and Populists amounted to 401,106 votes as against 55,408 Republicans. Silver product, 1893, 349,400 ounces.

Utah.—The first Presidential vote of Utah having been cast at the last election, no comparison can be made of county results, except for Congress. Silver product, 1893, 7,196,300 ounces.

Washington.—The Democratic plurality of the counties in 1896 was 12,000. In 1894 the Democratic-Populist strength was 40,000, against 35,000 Republicans. Silver product, 1893, 152,700 ounces.

ANTI-BRYAN VOTES IN SILVER-PRODUCING AND POPULIST STATES—COUNTIES CHANGING FROM D. TO R.

As noted elsewhere, thirty-six counties in the smaller group of States, classified as "Silver-producing and Populist," gave McKinley pluralities at the last Presidential election. Del Norte, San Francisco, Sonoma, and Yuba counties are so recorded for California. According to the best available records, each of these four counties gave Democratic pluralities in 1892 and 1888. In Kansas, Atchison, Marshall, and Wabaunsee counties each gave a plurality for McKinley.

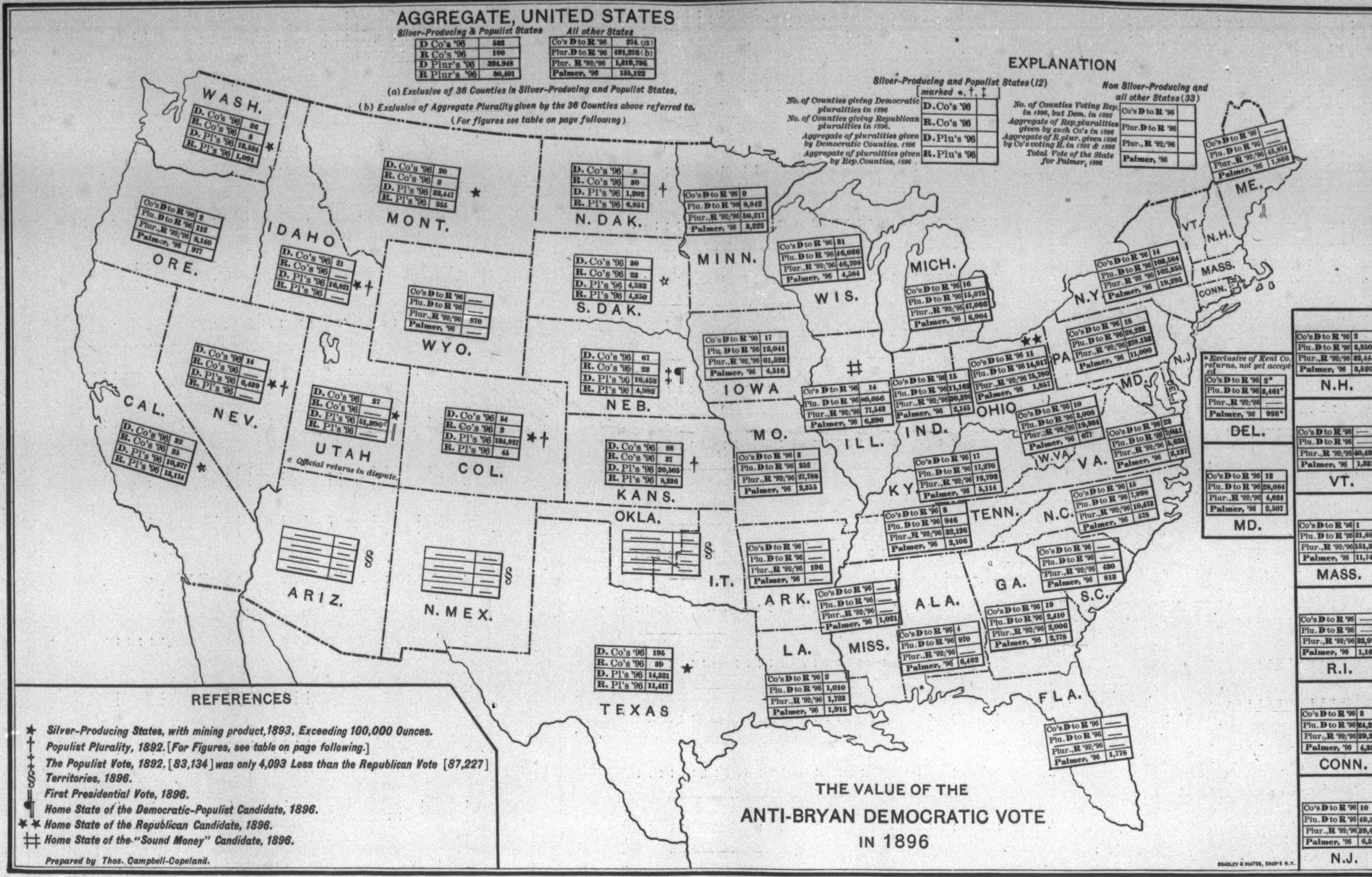
The returns from Nebraska show that Blaine and Greeley counties are in the McKinley column. In North Dakota, the Republican counties, 1896, were Barnes, Dickey, La Moure, Mercer, Oliver, Richland, and Williams. Texas is conspicuous for the number of McKinley counties (18), two, Guadalupe and Travis, having a Democratic record unbroken since 1872. Duval, Lee, and Webb counties, in the same State, changed over after twenty years in the Democratic column; Fayette and Galveston, after twelve years; and Austin, Colorado, Comal, Gillespie, Gregg, and Washington, after eight years. Brazos, Hansford, Kinney, La Salle, and Victoria counties voted for Cleveland in 1892, and for McKinley in 1896. Jefferson County, Washington, also appears as giving a Republican plurality in 1896.

ROLL OF COUNTIES GIVING McKINLEY PLURALITIES IN 1896, AND HAVING THE LONGEST PREVIOUS UNBROKEN DEMOCRATIC RECORD—TWENTY YEARS AND OVER.

Blount, Ala.
Fairfield, Conn.
New Haven, Conn.
Coffee, Ga.
Douglas, Ga.
Elbert, Ga.
Johnson, Ga.
Lumpkin, Ga.
Marion, Ga.
Rockdale, Ga.
Schley, Ga.
Tattnall, Ga.
Taylor, Ga.
Warren, Ga.
Washington, Ga.
Clay, Ga.
Haralson, Ga.
Oconee, Ga.
Polk, Ga.
Thomas, Ga.
Adams, Ill.
Fulton, Ill.
Peoria, Ill.
Sangamon, Ill.
St. Clair, Ill.
Bartholomew, Ind.
Clark, Ind.
Madison, Ind.
Starke, Ind.
La Porte, Ind.
Perry, Ind.
Jefferson, Ky.
Lincoln, Ky.
Mercer, Ky.
Allen, Ky.
Boyle, Ky.
Breckinridge, Ky.
Hart, Ky.
Madison, Ky.
Todd, Ky.
Woodford, Ky.
Baltimore City, Md.
Baltimore, Md.
Carroll, Md.
Cecil, Md.
Harford, Md.
Howard, Md.
Kent, Md.
Prince Georges, Md.
Suffolk, Mass.
Mackinac, Mich.
Macomb, Mich.
Washtenaw, Mich.
Le Sueur, Minn.
Morrison, Minn.
Sibley, Minn.
Jefferson, Mo.
Washington, Mo.
Perry, Mo.
Coos, N. H.
Carroll, N. H.
Bergen, N. J.
Hudson, N. J.
Monmouth, N. J.
Sussex, N. J.
Middlesex, N. J.
Union, N. J.
Kings, N. Y.
New York, N. Y.
Rockland, N. Y.
Westchester, N. Y.
Albany, N. Y.
Queens, N. Y.
Richmond, N. Y.
Seneca, N. Y.
Buncombe, N. C.
Franklin, O.
Pike, O.
Vinton, O.
Clearfield, Pa.
Elk, Pa.
Lehigh, Pa.
Adams, Pa.
Bucks, Pa.
Cambria, Pa.
Carbon, Pa.
Centre, Pa.
Clinton, Pa.
Cumberland, Pa.
Juniata, Pa.
Lycoming, Pa.
Wayne, Pa.
De Kalb, Tenn.
Montgomery, Tenn.
Botetourt, Va.
Buchanan, Va.
Carroll, Va.
Grayson, Va.
Greene, Va.
Pulaski, Va.
Shenandoah, Va.
Smyth, Va.
Washington, Va.
Patrick, Va.
Cabell, W. Va.
Calhoun, W. Va.
Pleasants, W. Va.
Raleigh, W. Va.
Tucker, W. Va.
Brooke, W. Va.
Lewis, W. Va.
Ohio, W. Va.
Dodge, Wis.
Fond du Lac, Wis.
Jefferson, Wis.
Kewaunee, Wis.
Manitowoc, Wis.
Marathon, Wis.
Outagamie, Wis.
Washington, Wis.
Brown, Wis.

The list of counties given above represents, as shown in the tables on another page, a total of 121 counties. The most reliable returns declare that these counties placed over 215,000 votes to the credit of the McKinley plurality, and over 27,000 votes to the credit of the Palmer and Buckner total, at the last Presidential election.

THOMAS CAMPBELL-COPELAND.



THE VALUE OF THE
ANTI-BRYAN DEMOCRATIC VOTE
IN 1896

TABLE I.—SUMMARY OF DEMOCRATIC COUNTIES IN THE THIRTY-THREE NON-SILVER-PRODUCING STATES, WITH VOTES AND PLURALITIES RECORDED IN FAVOR OF THE REPUBLICAN AND NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES AT THE LAST PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Pluralities for McKinley and Votes for Palmer, given by Counties having a previous Democratic Record.

State.	No. of Counties changing from D. to R. in 1896.	Democratic since 1872; for McKinley, 1896.		Democratic since 1876; for McKinley, 1896.		Democratic since 1880; for McKinley, 1896.		Democratic since 1884; for McKinley, 1896.		Democratic since 1888; for McKinley, 1896.		Democratic, 1892; for McKinley, 1896.		Total plurality given by D. Counties for McKinley, 1896.	Total Palmer vote given by the same Counties, 1896.
		Plurality of D. Counties for McKinley.	Palmer Vote.	Plurality of D. Counties for McKinley.	Palmer Vote.	Plurality of D. Counties for McKinley.	Palmer Vote.	Plurality of D. Counties for McKinley.	Palmer Vote.	Plurality of D. Counties for McKinley.	Palmer Vote.	Plurality of D. Counties for McKinley.	Palmer Vote.	Plurality of D. Counties for McKinley.	Palmer Vote.
Alabama	4	197	40	....	..	..	..	....	....	....	..	773	130	970	170
Arkansas	..	....	....	....	..	..	..	....	....	....	..	....	....	....	....
Connecticut	3	9,933	722	10,049	832	..	..	....	....	....	..	4,310	259	24,292	1,813
Delaware	2*	....	....	....	..	..	..	2,712	775	....	..	749	101	3,461	876
Florida	..	....	....	....	..	..	..	....	....	....	..	....	....	....	....
Georgia	19	1,378	116	802	174	..	..	230	6	....	..	....	....	2,410	296
Illinois	14	2,472	372	615	105	..	..	3,481	214	328	16	73,160	2,850	80,056	3,557
Indiana	15	1,051	96	210	102	..	..	891	49	7,047	563	1,963	151	11,162	961
Iowa	17	....	....	....	..	..	..	6,957	1,062	412	73	4,672	371	12,041	1,506
Kentucky	17	12,625	1,230	1,285	367	..	..	....	....	1,722	125	1,638	166	17,270	1,888
Louisiana	3	....	....	....	..	..	..	42	....	726	40	242	18	1,010	58
Maine	..	....	....	....	..	..	..	....	....	....	..	....	....	....	....
Maryland	12	23,183	1,638	1,799	268	..	..	....	....	....	..	3,102	277	28,084	2,183
Massachusetts	1	....	....	21,889	3,180	..	..	....	....	....	..	....	....	21,889	3,180
Michigan	16	1	36	1,079	374	..	..	12,242	1,405	887	45	866	32	15,075	1,892
Minnesota	9	458	86	575	47	..	..	2,233	238	5,576	436	....	....	8,842	807
Mississippi	..	....	....	....	..	..	..	....	....	....	..	....	....	....	....
Missouri	3	180	19	72	33	..	..	....	....	....	..	....	....	252	52
New Hampshire	2	1,764	149	1,586	175	..	..	....	....	....	..	....	....	3,350	324
New Jersey	10	12,389	1,901	8,962	879	..	..	1,780	159	....	..	26,247	402	49,378	3,341
New York	14	61,907	10,055	13,517	1,339	..	..	....	....	....	..	28,160	1,898	103,584	13,292
North Carolina	15	522	16	....	..	32	2	....	....	1,127	16	6,317	157	7,998	191
Ohio	11	2,261	223	....	..	..	..	801	44	3,564	166	8,191	179	14,817	612
Oregon	2	....	....	....	..	..	..	31	39	....	..	81	3	112	42
Pennsylvania	18	1,163	460	10,391	1,143	..	..	....	....	2,300	359	14,368	1,090	28,222	3,052
Rhode Island	..	....	....	....	..	..	..	....	....	....	..	....	....	....	....
South Carolina	..	....	....	....	..	..	..	....	....	....	..	....	....	....	....
Tennessee	3	207	106	....	..	..	..	....	....	....	..	739	96	946	202
Vermont	..	....	....	....	..	..	..	....	....	....	..	....	....	....	....
Virginia	23	1,507	131	254	3	..	..	....	....	....	..	5,250	299	7,011	433
West Virginia	10	700	30	1,986	86	..	..	....	....	....	..	322	6	3,008	122
Wisconsin	31	5,427	1,160	1,595	69	..	..	4,780	313	890	14	33,344	1,561	46,036	3,117
Wyoming	..	....	....	....	..	..	..	....	....	....	..	....	....	....	....
Totals	274	139,325	18,586	76,666	9,176	32	2	36,180	4,304	24,579	1,853	214,494	10,046	491,276	43,967

* Kent County returns unconfirmed at date of going to press.

TABLE II.—RECORD OF DEMOCRATIC AND REPUBLICAN COUNTIES IN NON-SILVER-PRODUCING STATES CHANGING SIDES AT THE LAST PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, 1896 (DEMOCRATIC TO REPUBLICAN OR VICE VERSA).

Showing Number of Counties with a Previous D. or R. Record, 1872-92, but changing in 1896.

State.	Number of Counties in the State.	Voted D. or R. since 1872; changed in 1896.		Voted D. or R. since 1876; changed in 1896.		Voted D. or R. since 1880; changed in 1896.		Voted D. or R. since 1884; changed in 1896.		Voted D. or R. since 1888; changed in 1896.		Voted D. or R. in 1892; changed in 1896.		Total of Counties in these States changing sides in 1896.	
		D. to R.	R. to D.	D. to R.	R. to D.	D. to R.	R. to D.	D. to R.	R. to D.	D. to R.	R. to D.	D. to R.	R. to D.	D. to R.	R. to D.
Alabama	66	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	4	..
Arkansas	75	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	4
Connecticut	8	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	3	..
Delaware	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	1	..	2	..
Florida	45	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Georgia	137	12	..	5	..	..	..	2	1	..	..	..	..	19	1
Illinois	102	4	..	1	..	..	..	2	1	1	..	6	..	14	1
Indiana	92	4	..	2	..	..	2	1	..	2	5	6	..	15	7
Iowa	99	..	4	..	..	..	..	9	..	1	2	7	..	17	6
Kentucky	119	3	..	7	..	..	..	..	1	2	..	5	..	17	1
Louisiana	59	..	1	..	..	..	..	1	..	1	..	1	2	3	3
Maine	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Maryland	24	2	..	6	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	4	..	12	1
Massachusetts	14	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..
Michigan	84	1	4	2	..	..	2	7	..	3	3	3	1	16	10
Minnesota	80	2	3	1	..	..	4	4	..	2	..	..	2	9	9
Mississippi	75	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Missouri	115	2	7	1	1	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	2	3	13
New Hampshire	10	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
New Jersey	21	4	..	2	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	3	..	10	..
New York	60	4	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	14	..
North Carolina	96	1	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	2	1	11	3	15	5
Ohio	88	3	2	..	..	..	..	1	..	2	..	5	..	11	2
Oregon	32	..	3	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	5	1	5	2	14
Pennsylvania	67	3	1	10	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	4	..	18	1
Rhode Island	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
South Carolina	36	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1
Tennessee	96	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	3	1
Vermont	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Virginia	118	9	8	1	..	..	3	..	1	..	..	13	2	23	14
West Virginia	55	5	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	10	..
Wisconsin	70	8	..	1	..	..	..	3	..	1	..	18	..	31	..
Wyoming	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Totals	1,994	72	36	49	2	1	12	33	8	18	17	101	19	274	94

TABLE III.—RECORD OF McKINLEY STATES, 1896, WITH PERCENTAGES 1892 AND 1896.

State.	D. or R. Plurality, 1892.	Percentages of Total State Vote, 1892.§		R. Plurality, 1896.	Percentages of Total State Vote, 1896.§		Aggregate of Pluralities given in 1896 by 274 Counties changing from D. to R. (See Tables above.)	Palmer Vote of State, 1896.	Electoral Vote.
		R.	D.		R.	D.			
California	D., 144	44	44	1,922	49	48	....†	2,006	9
Connecticut	D., 5,370	47	50	53,564	63	33	24,292	4,333	6
Delaware	D., 498	49	49	3,837*	53	43	3,461*	926*	3
Illinois	D., 26,993	46	49	141,517	56	43	80,056	6,390	24
Indiana	D., 7,125	46	47	18,226	51	48	11,162	2,145	15
Iowa	R., 22,965	..	..	65,552	..	..	12,041	4,516	13
Kentucky	D., 40,020	39	51	281	49	49	17,270	5,114	13
Maine	R., 14,979	..	..	45,874	..	..	....‡	1,866	6
Maryland	D., 21,130	43	53	32,232	55	42	28,084	2,507	8
Massachusetts	R., 26,001	..	..	173,265	..	..	21,889	11,749	15
Michigan	R., 20,412	..	..	56,076	..	..	15,075	6,904	14
Minnesota	R., 21,903	..	..	53,875	..	..	8,842	3,222	9
New Hampshire	R., 3,547	..	..	35,794	..	..	3,350	3,520	4
New Jersey	D., 14,974	46	51	87,692	60	36	49,378	6,373	10
New York	D., 45,518	45	48	268,325	58	39	103,584	19,295	36
North Dakota	Pop., 181	49	49	5,649	57	43	....†	....	3
Ohio	R., 1,072	..	..	48,494	..	..	14,817	1,857	23
Oregon	F., 811	..	..	2,040	..	..	112	977	4
Pennsylvania	R., 63,767	..	..	295,072	..	..	28,222	11,000	32
Rhode Island	R., 2,637	..	..	22,978	..	..	....‡	1,166	4
Vermont	R., 21,667	..	..	40,487	..	..	....‡	1,331	4
West Virginia	D., 4,174	47	49	11,487	52	47	3,008	677	6
Wisconsin	D., 6,544	46	48	102,612	60	37	46,036	4,584	12
Totals				1,566,851			470,679	102,458	-

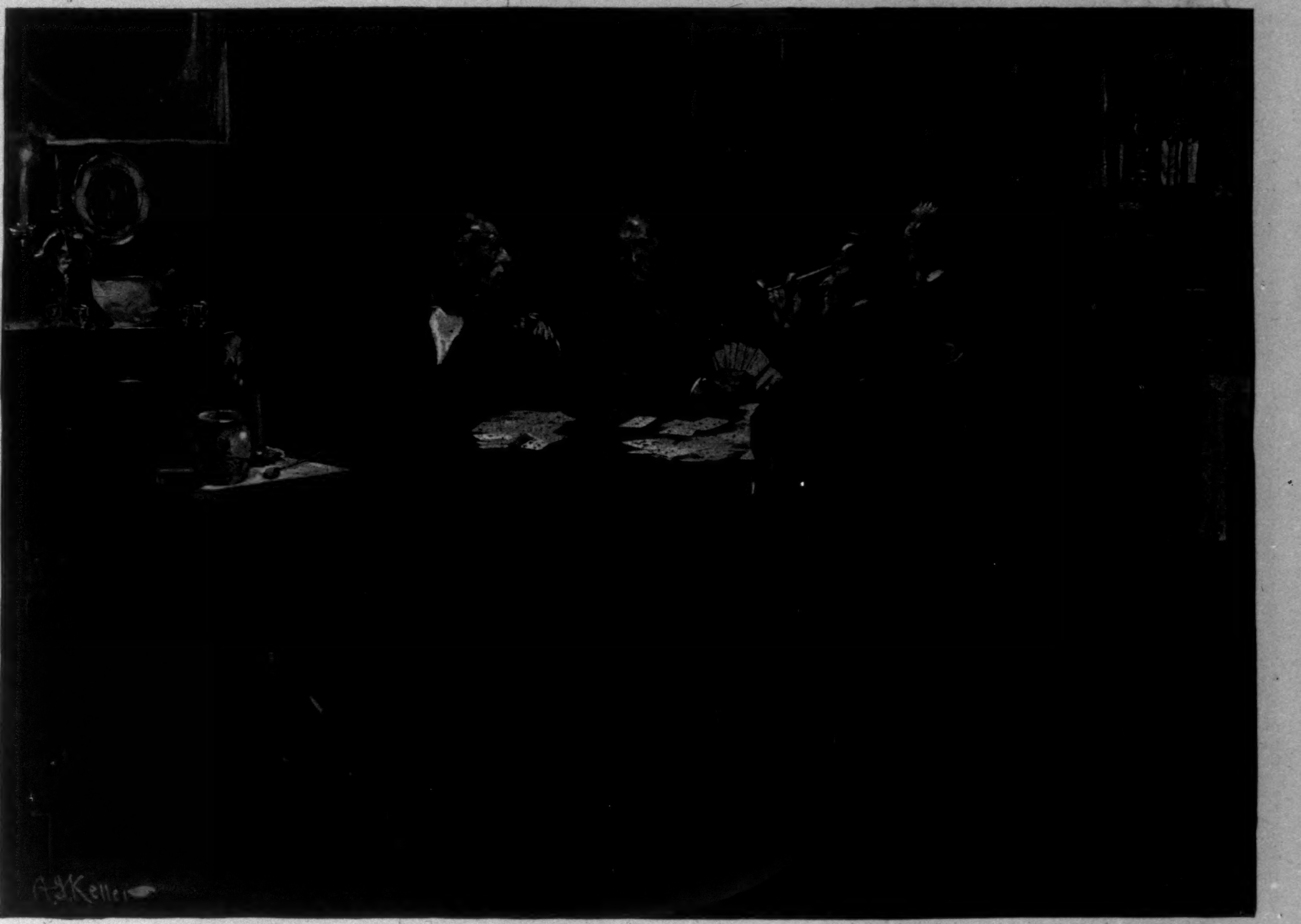
NET RESULT RECORDED IN TABLE I.—**274** Democratic counties in non-silver-producing States changed sides in **1896**, giving Republican pluralities as indicated opposite the State names. By this means **491,276** votes were added to the regular Republican pluralities. The same counties gave an aggregate Palmer vote of **43,967.** The grand total of Democratic votes in non-silver-producing States cast in favor of McKinley or Palmer, as representing sound money, is, therefore, **535,243.** The Republican plurality for the United States is variously estimated, the maximum being given as **613,752.** Deducting the sound-money vote of the **274** Democratic counties, this plurality would be **78,509.** Giving the Democratic plurality for McKinley to a Democratic candidate, Mr. McKinley would have lacked **368,800** of a plurality.

NET RESULT RECORDED IN TABLE II.—In the total number of counties (1994) voting in the 33 non-silver-producing States, 368 changed sides at the last Presidential election. These changes show this general result:

Number of Counties voting *D.* from 1872 to 1892, but *R.* in 1896.. 72
" " " R. " " " " D. " 36
" " " *D.* " 1876 " " *R.* " 49
" " " R. " " " " D. " 2
" " " *D.* " 1880 " " *R.* " 1
" " " R. " " " " D. " 12
" " " *D.* " 1884 " " *R.* " 33
" " " R. " " " " D. " 8
" " " *D.* in 1888 and 1892, " *R.* " 18
" " " R. " " " " D. " 17
" " " *D.* " 1892, " *R.* " 101
" " " R. " " " D. " 19

REFERENCES TO TABLE III.

* Exact totals and plurality not yet known.
† Included in silver-producing and Populist States.
‡ No change in 1896.
§ States giving Cleveland a plurality in 1892, and McKinley in 1896.



JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER X.

SQUIRE EBEN MERRITT had three boon companions—the village lawyer, Eliphalet Means; a certain John Jennings, the last of one of the village old families, a bachelor of some fifty odd, who had wasted his health and his patrimony in riotous living, and had now settled down to prudence and moderation, if not repentance, in the home of his ancestors; and one Colonel Jack Lamson, also considered somewhat of a rake, who had possibly tendered his resignation rather than his reformation, and that perforce. Colonel Lamson also hailed originally from a good old stock of this village and county. He had gone to the wars for his country, and retired at fifty-eight with a limp in his right leg and a cane. Colonel Lamson, being a much-removed cousin of the lawyer's, kept bachelors' hall with him in a comfortable and untidy old mansion at the other end of the town, across the brook.

Many nights of a week these four met for an evening of whist or bezique, to the scandal of the steady-going folk of the town, who approved not of cards, and opined that the Squire's poor wife must feel bad enough to have such carousings at her house. But the Squire's wife, who had in herself a rare understanding among women of masculine good-fellowship, had sometimes, if the truth had been told, taken an ailing member's hand at cards when their orgies convened at the Squire's. John Jennings, being somewhat afflicted with rheumatic gout, was occasionally missing. Then did Abigail Merritt take his place, and play with the sober concentration of a man and the quick wit of a woman. Colonel Jack Lamson, whose partner she was, privately preferred her to John Jennings, whose overtaxed mental powers sometimes failed him in the memory of the cards; but being as intensely loyal to his friends as to his country, he never spoke to that effect. He only, when the little trim black-haired woman made a brilliant stroke of *finesse*, with a quick flash of her bright eyes and wise compression of lips, smiled privately, as if to himself, with face bent upon his hands.

Whether Abigail Merritt played cards or not, she always brewed a great bowl of punch, as no one but she knew how to do, and set it out for the delectation of her husband and his friends. The receipt for this punch—one which had been long stored in the culinary archives of the Merritt family, with the pound-cake and other rich and toothsome compounds—had often, upon entreaty, been confided to other ambitious matrons, but to no purpose. Let them spice and flavor and add measures of fine strong liquors as they would, their punch had not that perfect harmony of result, which effaces detail, of Abigail Merritt's.

"By George!" Colonel Jack Lamson was wont to say, when his first jorum had trickled down his experienced throat. "By George! I thought I had drunk punch. There was a time when I thought I could mix a bowl of punch myself, but this is *punch*."

Then John Jennings, holding his empty glass, would speak: "All we could taste in that last punch that Belinda Armstrong made at my house was lemon; and the time before that, allspice; and the time before that, raw rum." John Jennings's voice, somewhat hoarse, was yet full of sweet melancholy cadences; there was sentiment and pathos in his lemon and allspice, which waxed almost tearful in his raw rum. His worn, high-bred face was as instinct with gentle melancholy as his voice, yet his sunken black eyes sparkled with the light of youth as the fine aromatic fire of the punch penetrated his veins.

As for the lawyer, who was the eldest of the four, long, brown, toughly and dryly pliant as an old blade of marsh-grass, he showed in speech, look, or manner no sign of enthusiasm, but he drank the punch.

This evening, after Jerome Edwards had run home with his prospects of two shillings a week and Squire Eben Merritt's assistance, the friends met at the Squire's house. At eight o'clock they came marching down the road, the three of them—John Jennings in fine old broadcloth and a silk hat, with a weak stoop in his shoulders, and a languid shakiness in his long limbs; the lawyer striding nimbly as a grasshopper, with the utter unconsciousness of one who pursues only the ultimate ends of life; and the Colonel, halting on his right knee, and recovering himself stiffly with his cane, holding his shoulders back, breathing a little heavily, his neck puffing over his high stock, his face a purplish-red about his white mustache and close-cropped beard.

The Squire's wife had the punch-bowl all ready in the south room, where the parties were held. Some pipes were laid out there too, and a great jar of fine tobacco, and the cards were on the mahogany card table—four packs for bezique. Abigail herself opened the door, admitted the guests, and ushered them into the south room. Colonel Lamson said something about the aroma of the punch; and John Jennings, in his sweet melancholy voice, something gallant about the fair hands that mixed it; but Eliphalet Means moved unobtrusively across the room and dipped out for himself a glass of the beverage, and wasted not his approval in empty words.

The Squire came in shortly and greeted his guests, but he had his hat in his hand.

"I have to go out on business," he announced. "I shall not be long. Mrs. Merritt will have to take my place."

Abigail looked at him in surprise. But she was a most discreet wife. She never asked a question, though she wondered why her husband had not spoken of this before. The truth was he had forgotten his card party when he had made his promise to Jerome, and then he had forgotten his promise to Jerome in thinking of his card party, and little Lucina on her way to bed had just brought it to mind by asking when he was going. She had heard the promise, and had not forgotten.

"By the Lord Harry!" said the Squire, for he heard his friends downstairs. Then, when Lucina looked at him with innocent wonder, he said, hurriedly, "Now, Pretty—I am going now," and went down to excuse himself to his guests.

Eliphalet Means, whose partner Abigail had become by this deflection, nodded, and seated himself at once in his place at table, the pleasant titillation of the punch in his veins and approval in his heart. He considered Abigail a better player than her husband, and began to meditate proposing a small stake that evening.

The Squire, setting forth on his errand to Doctor Prescott, striding heavily through the sweet dampness of the spring night, experienced a curious combination of amusement, satisfaction, and indignation with himself. "I'm a fool," he declared, with more vehemence than he would have declared four aces in bezique; and then he cursed his folly, and told himself that if he kept on he would leave Abigail and the child without a penny. But then, after all, he realized that singular warm glow of self-approval for a good deed which at once comforts and irradiates the heart in spite of all worldly prudence and wisdom.

That night the air was very heavy with moisture, which seemed to hold all the spring odors of newly turned earth, young grass, and blossoms in solution. Squire Eben moved through it as through a scented flood in which respiration was possible. Over all the fields was a pale mist, waving and eddying in such impalpable air currents that it seemed to have a sentient life of its own. These soft rises and lapses of the mist on the fields might seemingly have been due to the efforts of prostrate shadows to gather themselves into form. Beyond the fields, against the hills and woods and clear horizon, pale fogs arose with motions as of arms and garments and streaming locks. The blossoming trees stood out suddenly beside one with a white surprise rather felt than seen. The young moon and the stars shone dimly with scattering rays, and the lights in the house windows were veiled. The earth and sky and all the familiar features of the village had that effect of mystery and unreality which some conditions of the atmosphere bring to pass.

A strangely vivid sense of the unstability of all earthly things, of the shadows of the tomb, of the dreamy half-light of the world, came over Eben Merritt, and his generous impulse seemed suddenly the only lantern to light his wavering feet. "I'll do what I can for the poor little chap, come what will," he muttered, and strode on to Doctor Prescott's house.

Just before he reached it a horse and sulky turned into the yard, driven rapidly from the other direction. Squire Eben hastened his steps, and reached the south house

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

door before the doctor entered. He was just ascending the steps, his medicine-case in hand, when he heard his name called, and turned around.

"I want a word with you before you go in, doctor," called the Squire, as he came up.

"Good-evening, Squire Merritt," returned the doctor, bowing formally on his vantage-ground of steps, but his voice bespoke a spiritual as well as material elevation.

"I would like a word with you," the Squire said again. "Walk into the house."

"No, I won't come in, as long as I've met you. I have company at home. I haven't much to say—" The Squire stopped. Jake Noyes was coming from the barn, swinging a lantern. He waited until he had led the horse and sulky away, then he continued. "It is just as well to have no witnesses," he said, laughing. "It is about that affair of the Edwards's mortgage."

"Ah!" said the doctor, with a fencing wariness of intonation.

"I would like to inquire what you're going to do about it, if you have no objection. I have reasons."

The doctor gave a keen look at him. His face, as he stood on the steps, was on a level with the Squire's. "I am going to take the house, of course," he said, calmly.

"It will be a blow to Mrs. Edwards and the boy."

"It will be the best thing that could happen to him," said the doctor, with the same clear evenness. "That sick woman and boy are not fit to have the care of a place. I shall own it, and rent it to them."

Heat in controversy is sometimes needful to convince one's self as well as one's adversary. Doctor Prescott needed no increase of warmth to further his own arguments, so conclusive they were to his own mind.

"For how much, if I may ask? I am interested for certain reasons."

"Seventy dollars. That will amount to the interest money they pay now and ten dollars over. The extra ten will be much less than repairs and taxes. They will be gainers."

"What will you take for that mortgage?"

"Take for the mortgage?"

The Squire nodded.

The doctor gave another of his keen glances at him. "I don't know that I want to take anything for it," he said.

"Suppose it were made worth your while?"

"Nobody would be willing to make it enough worth my while to influence me," said the doctor. "My price for the transfer of a good investment is what it is worth to me."

"Well, doctor, what is it worth to you?" Squire Eben said, smiling.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," said the doctor.

The Squire whistled.

"I am quite aware that the mortgage is for a thousand only," the doctor said, and yet without the slightest meaning of apology, "but I consider when it comes to relinquishing it that it is worth the additional five hundred. I must be just to myself. Then, too, Mr. Edwards owed me a half-year's interest. The fifteen hundred would cover that, of course."

"You won't take any less?"

"Not a dollar."

Squire Eben hesitated a second. "You know, I own that strip of land on the Dale road, on the other side of the brook," he said.

The doctor nodded, still with his eyes keenly intent.

"There are three good house-lots; that house of the Edwards is old and out of repair. You'll have to spend considerable on it to rent it. My three lots are equal to that one house, and suppose we exchange. You take that land, and I take the mortgage on the Edwards place."

"Do you know what you are talking about?" Doctor Prescott said, sharply; for this plain proposition that he overreach the other aroused him to a show of fairness.

Squire Merritt laughed. "Oh, I know you'll get the best of the bargain," he returned.

Then the doctor waxed suspicious. This readiness to take the worst of a bargain while perfectly cognizant of it puzzled him. He wondered if perchance this easy-going, card-playing, fishing Squire had, after all, some axe of policy to grind. "What do you expect to make out of it?" he asked, bluntly.

"Nothing. I am not even sure that I have any active hope of a higher rate of interest in the other world for it. I am not as sound in the doctrines as you, doctor." Squire Eben laughed, but the other turned on him sternly.

"If you are doing this for the sake of Abel Edwards's widow and her children, you are acting from a mistaken sense of charity, and showing poor judgment," said he.

Squire Eben laughed again. "You made no reply to my proposition, doctor," he said.

"You are in earnest?"

"I am."

"You understand what you are doing?"

"I certainly do. I am giving you between fifteen and eighteen hundred dollars' worth of land for a thousand."

"There is no merit nor charity in such foolish measures as this," said the doctor, half suspicious that there was more behind this, and not put to shame but aroused to a sense of superiority by such drivelling idiocy of benevolence.

"Dare say you're right, doctor," returned Squire Eben. "I won't even cheat you out of the approval of Heaven. Will you meet me at Means's office to-morrow, with the necessary documents for the transfer? We had better go around to Mrs. Edwards's afterwards and inform her, I suppose."

"I will meet you at Means's office at ten o'clock to-morrow morning," said the doctor, shortly. "Good-evening," and with that turned on his heel. However, when he had opened the door he turned again and called curtly and magisterially after Squire Eben, "I advise you to cultivate a little more business foresight for the sake of your wife and child," and Squire Eben answered back,

"Thank you—thank you, doctor; guess you're right," and then began to whistle like a boy as he went down the avenue of pines.

Through lack of remunerative industry and easy-going habits his share of the old Merritt property had dwindled considerably; he had none too much money to spend at the best, and now he had bartered away a goodly slice of his paternal acres for no adequate worldly return. He knew it all, he felt a half-whimsical dismay as he went home, and yet the meaning which underlies the letter of a good action was keeping his heart warm.

When he reached home his wife, who had just finished her game, slid out gently, and the usual festivities began. Colonel Lamson, warmed with punch and good-fellowship and tobacco, grew brilliant at cards, and humorously reminiscent of old jokes between the games; John Jennings lagged at cards, but flashed out now and then with fine wit, while his fervently working brain lit up his worn face with the light of youth. The lawyer, who drank more than the rest, played better and better, and waxed caustic in speech if crossed. As for the Squire, his frankness increased even to the risk of self-praise. Before the evening was over he had told the whole story of little Jerome, of Doctor Prescott and himself and the Edwards mortgage. The three friends stared at him with unsorted cards in their hand.

"You are a damned fool!" cried Eliphalet Means, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No," cried Jennings, "not a damned fool, but a rare fool," and his great black eyes, in their mournful hollows, flashed affectionately at Squire Eben.

"And I say he's a damned fool. Men live in this world," maintained the lawyer, fiercely.

"Men's hearts ought to be out of the world if their heads are in it," affirmed John Jennings, with a beautiful smile. "I say he's a rare fool, and I would that all the wise men could go to school to such a fool, and learn wisdom of his folly."

Colonel Jack Lamson, who sat at the Squire's left, removed his pipe, cleared his throat, and strove to speak in vain. Now he began with a queer stiffness of his lips, while his purplish-red flush spread to the roots of his thin bristle of gray hair.

"It reminds me of a story I heard. No, that is another. It reminds me—" And then the Colonel broke down with a great sob, and a dash of his sleeve across his eyes, and recovered himself, and cried out, chokingly, "No, I'll be damned if it reminds me of anything I've ever seen or heard of, for I've never seen a man like you, Eben."

And with that he slapped his cards to the table, and shook the Squire's hand with such a fury of affectionate enthusiasm that some of his cards fluttered about him to the floor, like a shower of leaves.

As for Eliphalet Means, he declared again, with vicious emphasis, "He's a damned fool," then rose up, laid his cards on top of the Colonel's scattered hand, went to the punch-bowl and helped himself to another glass; then, pipe in mouth, went up to Squire Merritt, and gave him a great slap on his back. "You are a damned fool, my boy!" he cried out, holding his pipe from his lips and breathing out a great cloud of smoke with the words; "but the wife and the young one and you shall never want a bite or a sup, nor a bed nor a board, on account of it, while old 'Liph Means has a penny in pocket."

And with that Eliphalet Means, who was old enough to be the Squire's father, and loved him secretly like a son, went back to his seat and dealt the cards over.

CHAPTER XI.

INNOCENCE and ignorance can be as easily hoodwinked by kindness as contumely.

This little Jerome, who had leaped, under the spur of necessity, to an independence of understanding beyond his years, allowed himself to be quite misled by the Squire as to his attitude in the matter of the mortgage. In spite of the momentary light reflected from the doctor's shrewder intelligence which had flashed upon his scheme, the Squire was able to delude him with a renewed belief in it, after he had informed him of the transfer of the mortgage deed, which took place the next morning.

"I decided to buy that wood-lot of your father's, as your mother was willing," said the Squire; "and as I had not the money in hand to pay down, I gave my note for it, as you proposed to the doctor, and allowed six per cent. interest."

Jerome looked at him in a bewildered way.

"Well, what is the matter? Aren't you as willing to take my note as the doctor's?" asked the Squire.

"Is it fair?" asked Jerome, hesitatingly.

"Fair to you?"

"No; to you."

"Of course it is fair enough to me. Why not?"

"The doctor didn't think it was," said the boy, getting more and more bewildered.

"Why didn't he?"

"I don't—know—" faltered Jerome; and he did not, for the glimmer of light which he had got from the doctor's worldly wisdom had quite failed him. He had seen quite clearly that it was not fair, but now he could not.

"Oh, well, I dare say it is fairer for me than for him," said the Squire, easily. "Probably he had the ready money; I haven't the ready money; that makes all the difference. Don't you see it does?"

"Yes—sir," replied Jerome, hesitatingly, and tried to think he saw; but he did not. A mind so young and immature as his is not unlike the gaseous age of planets, overlaid with great shifting masses of vapor, which part to disclose dazzling flame-points and incomparable gleams, then close again. Only time can accomplish a nearer balance of light in minds and planets.

Then, too, as the first strain of unwonted demands relaxed a little through use, Jerome's mental speed, which seemed to have taken him into manhood at a bound, slackened, and he even fell back somewhat in his tracks. He was still beyond what he had ever been before, for one cannot return from growth. He would never be as much of a child again, but he was more a child than he had been yesterday.

His mother also had been instrumental toward replacing him in his old ways. Ann, after her day of crushed apathy, aroused herself somewhat. When the Squire, the lawyer, and Doctor Prescott came the next morning, she kept them waiting outside while she put on her best cap. She had a view of the road from her rocking-chair, and when she saw the three gentlemen advancing with a slow curve of progress toward her gate, which betokened an entrance, she called sharply to Elmira, who was washing dishes, "Go into the bedroom and get my best cap, quick," at the same time twitching off the one upon her head.

When poor little Elmira turned and stared, her pretty face quite pale, thinking her mother beside herself, she made a fierce menacing gesture with her nervous elbow, and spoke again, in a whisper, lest the approaching guests hear: "Why don't you start? Take this old cap and get my best one, quick!" And the little girl scuttled into the bedroom just as the first knock came on the door. Ann kept the three dignitaries waiting until she adjusted her cap to her liking, and the knocks had been several times repeated before she sent the trembling Elmira to admit them and usher them into the best parlor, whither she followed them, hitching herself through the entry in her chair, and disdainfully refusing all offers of assistance from them. She even thrust out an elbow repellingly at the Squire, who sprang forward to her aid.

"No, thank you, sir," said she; "I don't need any help; I always go around the house so. I ain't helpless."

Ann, when she had brought her chair to a stand, sat facing the three callers, each of whose salutations she returned with a curtly polite bow. She had a desperate sense of being at bay, and that the hands of all these great men, whose supremacy she acknowledged with the futile uprearing of an angry woman, were against her. She eyed the lawyer, Eliphalet Means, with particular distrust. She had always held all legal proceedings as a species of quagmire to entrap the innocent and unwary. She watched while the lawyer took some documents from his bag and laid them on the table. "I won't sign a thing, nohow," she vowed to herself, and shut her mouth tight.

Squire Merritt discovered that besides dealing with his own scruples he had to overcome his beneficiary's.

It took a long time to convince Ann that she was not being overreached and cheated. She seemed absolutely incapable of understanding the transfer of the mortgage note from Doctor Prescott to Squire Merritt.

"I've signed one mortgage," said she, firmly; "I put my name under my husband's. I ain't goin' to sign another."

"But nobody wants you to sign anything, Mrs. Edwards. The mortgage note is simply transferred to Squire Merritt here. We only want you to understand it," said Lawyer Means. He had a curiously impersonal manner of dealing with women, being wont to say that only a man who expected good sense in womenkind was surprised when he did not find it.

"I ain't goin' to put two mortgages on this place," said Ann, fronting him with the utter stupidity of obstinacy.

"Let me explain it to you, Mrs. Edwards," said Eliphalet Means, with no impatience. He regarded a woman as so incontrovertibly a patience-tryer, from the laws of creation, that he would as soon have waxed impatient with the structural order of things. He endeavored to explain matters with imperturbable persistency, but Ann was still unconvinced.

"I ain't goin' to sign my name to any other mortgage," said she.

Jerome, who had stood listening in the door, slid up to his mother and touched her arm. "Oh, mother," he whispered, "I know all about it—it's all right!"

Ann gave him a thrust with a little sharp elbow. "What do you know about it?" she cried. "I'm here to look out for you and your sister, and take care of what little we've got, an' I'm goin' to. Go out and tend to your work."

"Oh, mother, do let me stay!"

"Go right along, I tell you." And Jerome, who was the originator of all this, went out helplessly, slighted and indignant. He did think the Squire might have interceded for him to stay, knowing what he knew. Even youth has its disadvantages.

But Squire Eben stood somewhat aloof, looking at the small, frail, pugnacious woman in the rocking-chair with perplexity and growing impatience. He wanted to go fishing that morning, and the vision of the darting trout in their still, clear pool was before him, like a vision of his own earthly paradise. He gave a despairing glance at Doctor Prescott, who had hitherto said little. "Can't you convince her it is all right? She knows you better than the rest of us," he whispered.

Doctor Prescott nodded, arose — he had been sitting apart—went to Mrs. Edwards, and touched her shoulder. "Mrs. Edwards," said he—Ann gave a terrified yet wholly unyielding flash of her black eyes at him—"Mrs. Edwards, will you please attend to what we have come to tell you. I have transferred the mortgage note given me by your late husband to Squire Eben Merritt; there is nothing for you to sign. You will simply pay the interest money to him, instead of to me."

"You can tear me to pieces, if you want to," said Ann, "but I won't sign away what little my poor husband left to me and my children, for you or any other man."

"Look at me," said the doctor.

Ann never stirred her head.

"Look at me."

Ann looked.

"Now," said the doctor, "you listen and you understand. I can't waste any more time here. Squire Merritt has bought that mortgage which your husband gave me, and paid me for it in land. You have simply nothing to do with it, except to understand. Nobody wants you to sign anything."

Ann looked at him with some faint light of comprehension through her wild impetus of resistance. "I'd ruther it would stay the way it was before," said she. "My husband gave you the mortgage. He thought you were trustworthy. I'd jest as soon pay you interest money as Squire Merritt."

Then Eliphalet Means spoke dryly, still with that utter patience of preparation and expectation. "If Doctor Prescott retains this mortgage he intends to foreclose."

Ann looked at him, and then at Doctor Prescott. She gasped, "Foreclose!"

Doctor Prescott nodded.

"You mean to foreclose? You mean to take this place away from us?" Ann cried, shrilly. "You with all you've got, and we a widow and orphans! And you callin' yourself a good man an' a pillar of the sanctuary!"

Doctor Prescott's face hardened. "Your husband owed me for a half-year's interest," he began, calmly.

"My husband didn't owe you any interest money. He paid you in work and wood."

"That was for medical attendance," proceeded the doctor, imperturbably. "He owed me half a year's interest. I considered it best for your interests, as well as mine, to foreclose, and should have done so had not Squire Merritt taken the matter out of my hands. I should advise him to a like measure, but he is his own best judge."

"Squire Merritt will not foreclose," said Eliphalet Means; "and he will be easy about the payments."

"Well," said Ann, with a strange stony look, "I guess I understand. I'm satisfied."

Doctor Prescott gathered up his medicine-chest, bade the others a gruff ceremonious good-morning, and went out.

Indeed, his sulky had been drawn up at the gate for some time, and Jake Noyes had been lounging about the yard.

The lawyer and the Squire lingered, as they had yet the business regarding the sale of the woodland to arrange.

Curiously enough, Ann was docile as one could wish about that. Whether her previous struggle had exhausted her or whether she began to feel some confidence in her advisers, they could not tell. She made no difficulty, but after all was adjusted she looked at the lawyer with a shrewd, sharp gleam in her eyes.

"Doctor Prescott can't get his claws on it now, anyhow," she said; "and he always wanted it, 'cause it joined his."

The Squire and the lawyer looked at each other. The Squire with humorous amazement, the lawyer with a wink and glance of wise reminder, as much as to say: "You know what I have always said about women. Here is a woman."

Jerome was digging in a kind of stolid rebellion out in his garden-patch, and Elmira, in her blue sun-bonnet, was standing, full of scared questioning, before him, when the Squire came lounging up the slope and reported as before said, to the convincing of the boy's innocent credulity.

When he had finished, he laid hold on Elmira's little cotton sleeve and pulled her up to her brother, and stood before them with a kindly hand on a shoulder of each, smiling down at them with infinite good-humor and protection.

"Don't you worry now, children," he said. "Be good and mind your mother, and you'll get along all right. We'll manage about the interest money, and there'll be meal in the barrel and a roof over your heads as long as you want it, according to the Scriptures, I'll guarantee."

With that Squire Eben gave each a shake, to conceal, maybe, the tenderness of pity in him, which he might, in his hearty and merry manhood, have accounted somewhat of a shame to reveal, as well as tears in his blue eyes, and was gone down the hill with a great laugh.

Elmira looked after him. "Ain't he good?" she whispered. But as for Jerome, he stood trembling and quivering and looking down at a print the Squire's great boot had made in the soft mould. When Elmira had gone, he went down on his knees and kissed it passionately.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE IN WINTER.

ABOUT the leafless limb,
Beneath the leaden sky,
With songs of love abrim
Two bluebirds gayly fly.

On chilly airs afloat,
Their pulses keen are stirred,
And tender note on note
Among the boughs are heard.

They feel a prescience keen
Of spring-time's rosy zest,
And see amid the green
The blossom-curtained nest.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

ICE BLOCKADES OF CHICAGO'S WATER-CRIBS.

UNLIKE most of our large cities, Chicago never has any fear of a water famine in summer. She draws her supply from Lake Michigan, and the only danger of a shortage of the supply occurs during the coldest winter weather. It is then that pack-ice is drawn into the intakes or tunnels at the "cribs," one of which is two miles out, and the others four miles out from the city. With the intakes choked the water supply is diminished and in danger of being stopped.

It often requires the services of three tugs and thirty men, at a cost of $20,000 for the season, to keep the two-mile cribs free from ice. One tug is kept running around the crib to break up the ice blockade, and the others thrust their bows against the foundation of the well-house, and by rapidly whirling their propellers force the ice cakes back to the booms, where men push them outside the gap. Sometimes it has been necessary to blow up the surrounding ice with dynamite.

The life of the crib care-takers is hazardous. Frequently they are cut off from the city for a week. A supply of provisions to last that time is kept on hand. The men have to work hardest when storms and cold are most severe. Their lot is somewhat akin to that of a crew on a light-ship, although the beleaguered care-takers frequently get glimpses of land and a great city from which they are cut off.

Sometimes the western wind swings the pack-ice against the cribs so quickly that the tugs are cut off from the place. One tug has been known to occupy fourteen hours in making the trip of two miles. Recently a tug was compelled to turn back, having battled with the ice until her bottom was pierced. She reached her dock in a sinking condition.

IS TURKISH REFORM POSSIBLE?

WHEN, after long delay and diplomatic argument, Russia announced herself as in accord with the powers of Europe and in favor of securing reform in Turkey, even if actual coercion of the Sultan were necessary, there was a very general belief that something would really be done. As the weeks go by, however, a doubt arises whether, after all, that belief was well founded, and the inquiry forces itself upon the mind, is it possible that there should be genuine reform under a Turkish administration, even though Europe gives its assistance and superintendence? In order to answer this question intelligently three important elements must be kept in mind. The younger and more aggressive Turks believe that reform is possible, but not under the present régime. The older Turks believe that there is no need of reform, and that any change in that direction would simply result in ruin to Islam. The Sultan, afraid of the hostility of the former, and yet not exactly disposed to accept the ideas of the latter, puts off day by day, and in some cases hour by hour, the evil time when he absolutely must make a decision of some sort. As for the party of progress, called the Young Turkey party, though it has no organization, and only a coterie of leaders who express its ideas and make its attacks, its very lack of cohesion, and in some respects of mutual sympathy, tends to weaken it and to deprive it of any real power. Its members are to a considerable degree of other than pure Turkish blood. They are Arab, and thus racially hostile to the Tartar Caliphate; or Syrian, and never forgetful of the Turkish conquest; or students who in one way or another have gained a conception of the outer world, so unlike the Mosque schools of their experience. All are ardent Moslems, but they have had no experience with the crowds that gather around the Kaaba at Mecca, and look with disgust on the filthy pilgrims that swarm on the decks of the Mediterranean steamers on their way to the tomb of the Prophet. They are full of high ideas and ideals, for which they are willing to make sacrifice, but they have no experience, or very little, in public life, and apparently have but a very faint conception of the enormous power of the second, Conservative element, or of the degree to which their faith has for the great mass become simply a superstition without any vivifying power.

Had their experiment never been tried, it would not be unreasonable to suppose that it might succeed. Unfortunately or fortunately, it has been tried, and under the most

(Continued on page 212.)

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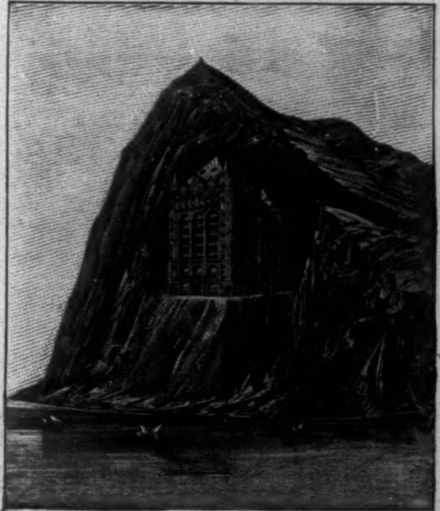

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SCENE AT THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL DOG SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT," PAGE 214.]

(Continued from page 211.)

favorable auspices. Soon after Abdul-Hamid II. came to the throne, after the Treaty of San Stefano had been replaced by the Treaty of Berlin, and England by the Cyprus Convention had made herself sponsor for genuine reform, the new Sultan called to the office of Grand Vizier a man whose position in the Moslem world was unique. Haired-din Pasha, a Circassian by birth, but for many years Governor of Tunis, was a man who seemed to care little for foreign reputation. A devout Moslem, he believed sincerely in the power of Islam to adapt itself to all conditions, and to assimilate everything that might prove of genuine advantage to any one. Of unimpeachable character and unquestioned honesty, he represented better even than the famous Midhat Pasha the ideal elements of Turkish administration.

One of his first steps, as a prime essential to purity and efficiency of official action, was to send every man who had previously held the office of Grand Vizier into honorable exile as governor of some remote province. These were followed by lesser dignitaries, until nearly every important politician was removed. The result was a host of enemies. Every man thus exiled had his intimates still in subordinate positions in the government. Obstructive measures were quickly adopted. Departmental clerks made convenient mistakes or forgot important instructions, until the whole administration was in an almost hopeless tangle. These exiles, one of them the Sultan's own brother-in-law, were also on more or less intimate relations with the Palace, and Palace intrigues supplemented those at the Porte. At last Haired-din Pasha, convinced that under existing conditions success was hopeless, sent an ultimatum to the Sultan, demanding absolute and sole authority for himself in the administration of the affairs committed to his care. The Sultan hesitated. Such a demand meant a limitation of his imperial prerogative. Had he had the broad-mindedness to accede to the demand, confident as he was of the loyalty of his Vizier, Turkish history would probably have been different. He yielded not to reason, but to prejudice, and with the fall of Haired-din Pasha the last chance of genuine reform under his reign was lost. From that time he allied himself more closely with the Conservatives, and instituted a series of attempts to suppress or to crowd out every element in the Empire that tended toward a higher education and a freer development.

The Conservative Turks of to-day believe with the whole soul that all the evils which have fallen upon the house of Othman are due to failure to preserve the traditions and to observe the precepts of Islam. Education other than that in the Koran is a delusion, and science is a snare. Only recently the text-books on international law used in the Imperial College at Constantinople were carefully examined, and a number of pages cut out as teaching doctrines or stating facts incompatible with Islam. They are serious men—men with a mission, and that mission is to stem the tide of false faith and no faith that has engulfed Europe and threatens Asia. That it is gilt-edged concerns them not at all, except that they are frequently careful to invest in its bonds and securities, without, however, telling their nearest neighbors of the fact. They genuinely believe it to be false, and they propose to do all they can to overcome it.

In the matter of reforms, the only reform that the Conservative Turk recognize as of any value is a reform that does away with the capitulations in the foreign treaties, and the concessions to native Christian communities; removes from office, other than of a subordinate administrative capacity, every Christian; subjects all material enterprise to the absolute control of Turkish rule; frees from foreign supervision all those departments now mortgaged for the payment of the interest in foreign bonds; replaces the Napoleon code by the sacred law of the Koran; annihilates all foreign educative or industrial influence; in short, restores the condition of the Empire before Suleiman the Magnificent committed his fatal error of making the treaty with Francis I. of France which recognized infidels as having certain rights which even an Ottoman Sultan was bound to respect. This is reform in the conception of the Conservative Turk of to-day, and it is the only reform that he can endorse, or which he will accept, if he can help it.

The Sultan, ever since the dismissal of Haired-din Pasha, has identified himself thoroughly with the Conservatives. Not always in form, yet in reality, the influences from the Palace have been steadily reactionary. There have been many promises, some acts of special favor, as the granting of iradés for particular schools, and the endorsement of certain rules for the regulation of the publication of books, the registry of teachers, etc. As a rule, however, these have been more than neutralized by other regulations which have almost crushed out the whole educational system of the Christian communities. He has been very complaisant to foreigners, especially to some from the United States, and has left upon them the impression of a man sincerely desirous of furthering the best interests of all his people of whatever race or faith, but terribly handicapped by his surroundings. Into the question of his sincerity it is not necessary to enter here. The single question under discussion is whether he can, even if he desires it, be expected to initiate and carry through any system of reform as the term is understood by Europe or by the progressive element among the Turks themselves. The answer to this is very simple. To do so would be to reverse the whole history of his reign, to compel an entire change in his entourage, both in the Palace and at the Porte, to create an absolute separation between himself and the Conservative party on which he has relied, to multiply manifold the number of his personal enemies, and almost infallibly to insure his assassination; for they would scruple at nothing to get rid of a man they regarded as a traitor. Were he a man of the character of his grandfather, Mahmud II., he might do this. He is not such a man, and he will never give any effective aid to any such reform as is contemplated by the powers of Europe.

There is but one conclusion to be drawn by any one who is conversant not merely with the present situation, but with the history of the past twenty years, and that is that there will be, there can be, no reform of any value under the auspices of the present government. Then comes the question whether the European powers cannot compel reform, at least to a degree. Can they not bring such pressure to bear upon the Sultan that he will, in order to save his throne, yield and carry out the scheme which is presented by them? To this a double answer may be given.

So much of reform as includes the cessation of massacre and a measure of relief from personal outrage and even from excessive taxation can unquestionably be secured. Beyond this, however, no amount of external pressure can go. Genuine reform means opportunity for individual development of Christian and Moslem alike. That the Conservative party will never carry out. They might yield it on paper, as they have done repeatedly in the past, but they would find innumerable ways of presenting insuperable difficulties in the carrying out of the plans. Genuine reform means genuine religious liberty. Of that the Conservative Turk has not the faintest conception. He will tolerate anything that does not immediately injure him and has at least an appearance of advantage; but as for recognizing a right to difference of religious belief, he never has done so and never will. The Hatti-Humayoun has never been recognized as of binding force by that portion of the people who have been for twenty years, and who are to-day, the dominant element in the Turkish Empire. No government can successfully carry out any policy without the co-operation of those upon whom its execution must depend. In Turkey those are, to a man, bitterly opposed to any such reform. To expect such a reform, therefore, is to expect the impossible.

What solution, then, is there of the situation? Is Turkey to go on as it has, only growing worse and worse—its cities declining, its villages devastated, its fields a barren waste? Yes, unless some other power than that of Abdul-Hamid comes into control. Can another member of the house of Othman, as Murad, accomplish what the present Sultan cannot? No. For he, like his predecessor at the commencement of his reign, will find that he must choose between the enmity of the majority of his own people and a continued course of reactionary government. The experience of Haired-din Pasha should be sufficient proof of the uselessness of such an attempt. The fact is that Turkish reform is a contradiction in terms. The only means for restoring prosperity to the Turkish Empire is absolute foreign occupation. So long as any Turk, however personally estimable, occupies the post of ruler prosperity is impossible, because the conditions of prosperity are directly at variance with the whole idea of Turkish development and rule. Until such occupation comes we shall have a continuance of the present situation—more or less mitigated, perhaps, yet essentially the same.

EDWIN MUNSELL BLISS.

Amateur Sport

Had the two years of interrupted athletic contests between Harvard and Yale served no other purpose, they would still be gratefully remembered as providing golden lessons for future athletic guidance. We shall always be thankful for the dissension, troublous as it may have been, which has finally been the direct means of accentuating the bewildering folly of squabbling, and of emphasizing the importance and the comforting assurances of agreements based upon sportsmanship and common-sense. There need never have been any rupture of relations had the discussion of differences been tempered with common-sense, and a reunion would long ago have been effected had full authority to that end been given two such sportsmen as Dr. W. A. Brooks and Walter Camp.

The full text of the agreement recently made between Harvard and Yale follows:

It is hereby agreed by and between the Harvard Athletic Association and the Yale athletic management that there shall be annual contests in rowing, football, and track athletics between the representative organizations of Yale and Harvard, beginning March 1, 1897, and ending March 1, 1902, the details of the contests to be left to the managers and captains.

It is also agreed that all contests, with the exception of rowing races, shall take place on college grounds, and the net gate-receipts shall be equally divided between the two contesting organizations.

This agreement is conditional upon the appointment, on or before April 1, 1897, of a committee to consist of one graduate of each university, to whom shall be referred all disagreements in any way relating to athletics, and all questions of eligibility. The decision of this committee is to be final.

In case of a disagreement between the members of this committee, it shall have the power to call upon a third person to settle the particular question in dispute.

There is this exception to the first clause: Owing to Harvard's present boating arrangements, Yale is willing to make a third party in the Harvard-Cornell race at Poughkeepsie in 1897, if Harvard so arranges. Yale is to be definitely informed of the decision regarding, and the date of, the race on or before March 1, 1897. If the race for 1897 is arranged, Yale is to have the privilege of naming either Poughkeepsie or New London for the race of 1898, the races of succeeding years to be governed by the main body of this agreement. If the race for 1897 is not arranged, that failure shall in no wise affect the general agreement, and the place for the race of 1898 shall then be governed by the terms of the general agreement.

W. A. Brooks, Jun.
Walter Camp.

February 13, 1897.

We give space to this agreement in the hope that it may furnish an example for other colleges with present or future differences to settle.

So far as it concerns the remainder of the college world, the fact of Harvard and Yale being reconciled is not so important as is the character of the agreement upon which they are reunited. It is a broad-minded, common-sense, sportsmanly agreement, which provides absolutely against any serious disturbances in the future. The agreement upon an arbitration committee in case of disputes is thoroughly up to date and intelligent. Such an arrangement has been in force between Yale and Princeton for two years, and we hope to hear of similar committees established throughout the college world.

It suggests a further advance in a committee composed of one or two members from each of the leading universities for the purpose of agreeing upon uniform eligibility, residence, and scholarship standard rules. I have long been convinced that in the establishment of such a committee lay the solution of all inter-collegiate athletic problems. It would not only administer to the needs of those immediately concerned in its legislation, but set a standard for the colleges of the country. It seems to me we

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BICYCLE AS SHOWN BY THE NEW YORK SHOW, FEBRUARY 6-13, 1897.

require a high and final tribunal for the discussion and promulgation of ethical laws and playing rules. If we had such a tribunal, with a representative each from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Cornell, one from the middle Western group of leading universities, one from New England, and one from the South, I am certain the legislative and general ethical state of inter-collegiate sport in this country would be advanced five years.

ONE OF THE QUESTIONS all sportsmen would like to see settled by such a body is that relating to "summer-nine" baseball-playing. Not that the leading Eastern universities are in need of guidance, for Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania are of one mind in legislating against it; but many—in fact, most—of the smaller colleges, East, West, and South, are in want of advice and a standard. Moreover, some defining is essential to the proper understanding of what constitutes obnoxious summer ball-playing. Obviously, there is no wish to debar undergraduates from playing ball in the summer, but from joining and thus encouraging those aggregations of ball-players who are gathered by some enterprising individual and exploited by him for what money there is in the venture.

A RATHER STRICT RULE, but one, it seems to me, that would work without detriment to the wholesome athlete, would be to declare ineligible to college nines any student who, during his college career, played on a baseball team, other than that of his own college, to whose exhibitions an admission-fee was charged. As the sole reason for organizing the obnoxious summer nines is that of making money, such a rule would effectually stop "amateur" baseball for revenue only. There are some localities, not many, where legislation so strict would perhaps lessen the opportunities of summer practice, but in this, as in all other similar matters, the greatest good to the greatest number should only be considered. Moreover, if some such rule is not generally observed, who is to be the judge, where an admission-fee is charged, between summer nines organized for sport and those organized for revenue?

There is a movement making this very hour in New York for the organization of a similar committee that proposes to do for club athletics what such a one as above suggested would do for university sport. This club committee is to have representatives from the New York A. C., Knickerbocker A. C., New Jersey A. C., Boston A. A., Chicago A. A., and from one or two other of the leading clubs. It is to look into club athletics in general and the health and rules of the Amateur Athletic Union in particular. When its work has been completed it will make some suggestions to the Amateur Athletic Union, which, if accepted, will result in a much-needed renovation of that body's constitution. If the A. A. U. consults its best interests it will co-operate with this committee, which will be formed with no idea of antagonism to the official body, but rather for the healthful prosperity of amateur athletics.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN deserves unqualified commendation for its disposition of the Sunday racing question. Despite the determined efforts made in the National Assembly at Albany last week by several delegations from the West, good judgment prevailed, and the L. A. W. continued its proscription of Sunday racing. As might be expected, the leaders of several of the Sunday racing delegations threatened secession from the L. A. W., but there is, unfortunately, little fear of the L. A. W. losing any of these divisions. It would be a good thing if some of them would resign. The Racing Board did itself no credit by reporting in favor of divisional option. It is, indeed, surprising that men who know so well, as these officials should, the class of bicyclists that demand Sunday racing, would yet favor an amendment certain to displease the majority of the L. A. W. members, and bring that body itself into disrepute. We can hardly believe the Racing Board has been correctly reported. If it has, we should advise the appointment, with no more delay than the elective order of things renders necessary, of a new board, more in sympathy with healthful bicycle-racing. The sentiment of the Assembly on this question of "divisional option" is unmistakably shown by its overwhelming defeat—164 to 77.

ANOTHER OBJECTIONABLE PROPOSITION which the good sense of the majority defeated was that admitting professionals to active or associate membership in the L. A. W. If the utterances on this question of the newly elected president of the L. A. W.—I. B. Potter—are to be taken as suggestive of his proposed official attitude, I doubt not before his term expires there will be general wishing that Sterling Elliott, or some man equally sound in his views on amateur bicycle-racing, had been called to the office. Mr. Potter rather posed as the professional's attorney throughout the meeting; he strongly supported the motion to open the membership to professionals, and subsequently urgently appealed to the Racing Board for the reinstatement, to the professional ranks, of Titus, who, some time ago, was very justly disqualified.

The mistake of opening the "amateur" championship events at the annual national meets to both amateurs and professionals was corrected. Mr. Douglas Robert, of St. Louis, a member of the National Racing Board, offered an amendment providing for both amateur and professional championships under L. A. W. auspices. This was a sorely needed revision. It is desirable, perhaps, although I am not very enthusiastic over the arrangement, that the L. A. W. control professional racing—desirable only because it gives some assurance of races honestly conducted; but it was most unfair to the amateur that his national championship events should be opened to men whose business is to ride for money and whose life is spent in preparation for racing. This is not at all taking into consideration the ethical side of the question, which had been monstrously perverted to fit the wishes of a few L. A. W. officials with professional instincts. It is patent to every intelligent man that if the L. A. W. is to control amateur and also professional racing, it is imperative that the champions in their respective classes be satisfactorily determined each year. At present the "amateur" racing championships of the United States are held by professionals, who won that distinction last year at Louisville!

Yet another wise amendment of the L. A. W. constitution was that introduced by George D. Gideon, recommending that all bicycle-racing at closed college and school meets be held under the rules of the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association of America.

THE DEEPEST IMPRESSION made by the recent New York bicycle show concerned the marvellous growth and extent of the manufacturing industry. From a mechanical point of view the exhibition was calculated to fill the on-looker with almost solemn reverence for this vehicle, which, in so comparatively short a time, has attained such wondrous popularity throughout the breadth of the land. As a mere show it was bewildering in the untold variety of wheels, lamps, bells, tires, saddles, and other component parts that go to make up the modern bicycle. The average man, who in the course of the day views one or more bicycles on nearly every block of the city, fancies he has a pretty accurate idea of their popularity; but it takes a bicycle show to convince him how incomplete was his conception of the variety of bicycles manufactured and the number of people interested in them.

In New York the show was held this year in a building on Lexington Avenue, for what reason I have not heard, but certainly not for the comfort and pleasure of spectators. Hitherto it has been held in Madison Square Garden, which is an infinitely more pleasing scene for such a monster exhibition. Without having the actual figures at hand, there seems to be more space on the one ground-floor of Madison Square Garden than is afforded by the three floors of the Lexington Avenue building. Besides which there are comfort and elbow-room and opportunity for intelligent inspection of exhibits at Madison Square, while inside the Lexington Avenue building there were a bedlam of sound and a confusion of exhibits that drove spectators who had nerves out into the street before they had seen half of what they had gone to see.

EXAMINATION OF THE HIGH-CLASS BICYCLES revealed four prominent facts:

1. That the bicycle practically attained its highest development two years ago, the '97 bicycle showing no radical change in model or manner of construction, and mechanical genius this year having been directed to the improvement of details.

2. That the greater amount of energy and ingenuity has been expended in perfecting the mechanism and accessories of the roadster, rather than of the racer—an unmistakable sign of the permanency of bicycle popularity.

3. That despite the rather considerable agitation from time to time over the chainless bicycle, I saw but two of this kind on exhibition that were worthy of serious study.

4. That the anatomical and hygienic saddles have rightfully become the popular ones.

Except in the altered position of the crank-hanger, no conspicuous change in the '97 model was on view. Hitherto the crank-hanger has, on the generality of bicycles, been on a line with the wheel centres, but this year a number of makers have dropped it from one-half to two and one-half inches. There are many reasons advanced to support the wisdom of this change, but the most rational one appears to be "that it removes the first point of contact between the chain and the greater sprocket—obviously the point of maximum strain—from about the last ascending tooth to about the first descending tooth."

IN THE MAJORITY OF HIGH-CLASS BICYCLES there has been a change in the sprocket teeth from the old triangular tooth to one that is rounded or cycloidal on the edge entering the chain. This gives an uninterrupted and more even pull to the chain. There is a tendency also among some makers to enlarge the sprockets, both front and rear, the claim being that power is the better transmitted; but no practical evidence is as yet forthcoming on the correctness of the supposition. The attachment of spokes to the wheels varies, but in all the leading makes there is evidence of improvement in strength and simplicity. There was evidence on every hand of a united effort by manufacturers to reduce friction to a minimum through the consummate perfection of bearings, and one exhibit in this line, which showed one set of balls working on an intermediate and smaller set, was particularly interesting, and somewhat indicative of further effort along the same line. Of course such a bearing would necessitate hubs and hangers of much larger size than those now in common use, but that would be no objection if friction was thereby materially reduced.

There were tandems of many kinds—one which elevated the rear seat so a view could be had over the head of the occupant of the front seat—and all gave evidence of the increasing social tendency in pleasure bicycling.

THE LARGEST EXHIBIT, next to bicycles, was perhaps that of tires. And of these the most novel was a circle of independent rubber balls, which can be changed singly in case of puncture, are inflated hypodermically through a tiny cube of raw rubber, and, when charged and compressed under the rider's weight, are said to roll as smoothly as continuous tubing. There are ninety separate balls in the circle, each one about a third as large as the ordinary baseball. This style of tire is not pleasing to look upon, but if it has all the qualities claimed, it must be a very satisfactory equipment to the touring bicyclist.

Two styles of leather tire were exploited—one of the regular inner-tube pattern, and the other a single tube with a collapsible rubber tubing inside, to be used if the leather outside tube was punctured. It does not look as though leather tires could ever be made to have the resiliency of rubber, not to mention the difficulties of mending punctures. Some puncture-proof tires were also exhibited, but appear to offer the same objections in point of resiliency as the leather tires. Of the countless makes of rubber tires shown, the hose-pipe and inner-tube, no visible difference could be detected between the various productions of the same style. Generally speaking, there appeared to be a tendency to larger tires, and to the simplification, and therefore perfection, of repair kits. As between single and double tube tires, opinion seems as divided as ever, and each as unshaken in its prejudices.

NEXT TO THE SHOW OF TIRES, the exhibition of saddles was the largest in point of space occupied, and certainly the most disconcerting. If there is yet any kindred idea that has not divulged itself in saddles, it must indeed be embryonic. In color, shape, and consistency there was every conceivable variety offered for choice. Some were soft and some were hard; some inflated and others solid; some had springs, others had none. And each was proclaimed as the perfected result of accepted ideals from a racing, touring, and hygienic point of view. The hygienic saddles were of many patterns, each heralded as the best, and endorsed as such by physicians' certificates, and by charts and diagrams drawn with the frankness of descriptive cuts in a medical treatise.

You were distressed by the pictorial anguish of those who used saddles at odds with their anatomy, and ravished by the dramatic recitals of joy and comfort to be had through using a saddle which anatomically shaped itself to the physical peculiarities of the rider. No man or woman could leave that array of saddles and truthfully say he or she had not seen one which embodied the salient features of every imaginable taste, fad, or prescription.

It is extraordinary so many different kinds of saddles are made. I fell to wondering at the show how many were sold, and what manner of rider bought them. Those whom nature has not neglected in the building, and who ride with intelligence and for pleasure, use the anatomical and hygienic saddles of one kind or another. And the consensus of expert opinion favors saddles of short pommel (almost no pommel for women) and flat cantle, supported by a good spring of any kind not too yielding.

OF LAMPS OF ALL DEGREES there were countless numbers. Lamps fed by oil, by electricity, from wet and dry batteries, even by gas. Lamps with a forced draught, and lamps with no draught at all (I write knowingly out of the fulness of sorrowful experience). Lamps which for the purposes of cleaning fall apart on the touch of a spring, and lamps which for the purpose of betraying you into sinful exclamations shake apart on crossing a street-car track. Lamps whose light cannot be extinguished by a head-on collision, and lamps whose light is put out by the whiz of a passing rider. All the lamps showed a decided improvement in finish and in shape, and in most of the products of the leading manufacturers all the parts were detachable to permit of easy and thorough cleaning.

In the matter of brakes, the exhibition proved a disposition on the part of manufacturers to encourage their use, and an effort appears to have been made to produce one as unobtrusive as consistent with practicability. Some have endeavored to hide it altogether, and succeeded admirably. One of the invisible kind shown worked by the turning of the handle-bar grip, which connected with a spring coil on the crank axle, that tightened so as to clutch the axle. Another operated through the steering-head, acting, plunger fashion, on the front wheel through a roller, which replaces the usual spoon and does not injure the tire. Another, of English make, acted on the rear wheel, and was put in action by back-pedalling.

There were the usual number of queer and back-humping conceits in handle-bars, one firm employing genuine ram horns for a "scorcher" model. On the whole, however, the tendency, as conveyed by the exhibits, is to abandon the scorcher type of handle-bar on all bicycles used for pleasure-riding. On fully ninety per cent. of the roadsters shown the bars were well elevated. Some of the leading firms showed handle-bars that worked on a species of ratchet, and could be lowered or raised at will. But none of these impressed one as being so stanch and serviceable as those fixedly built on an elevated plane—or, let us say, on hygienic principles, for they apply with as much appropriateness and force to handle-bars as they do to saddles.

CONSIDERING THE '97 MODEL in its exquisitely refined entirety, we find the consummation of symmetry, smooth running, and superlative finish. Truly may it be said that the bicycle has nearly completed its era of internal improvement. The workmanship revealed in this year's bicycle seems the perfection of mechanical endeavor, and not before have we seen such highly polished frames, beside the iridescent effects of which ordinary enamelling seems dull in comparison.

THE DOG SHOW, which this week is on in Madison Square Garden, is rapidly approaching the standard of annual improvement set by the Horse Show. This year there is increase in both quantity and quality, with a total entry number of 1667. Of these, the St. Bernards head the list with 153; Fox-terriers, 120 (80 smooth and 40 wire-haired); Boston terriers, 119; and Collies, 107. In detail the breeds are represented as follows:

Breed.	Entries.	Breed.	Entries.
Mastiffs	10	Boston terriers	119
St. Bernards	153	Dachshunds	52
Blood-hounds	13	Beagles	64
Great Danes	51	Irish terriers	67
Newfoundlands	4	Scottish terriers	16
Russian wolf-hounds	18	Fox-terriers, smooth	80
Deer-hounds	13	Fox-terriers, wire-haired	40
Greyhounds	27	Bedlington terriers	11
English fox-hounds	11	Skye terriers	4
American fox-hounds	17	Dandie Dinmont terriers	2
Chesapeake Bay dogs	7	Black and tan terriers	25
Pointers	92	White English terriers	1
English setters	60	Whippets	4
Irish setters	56	Schipperkes	3
Gordon setters	33	Pomeranians	3
Field spaniels	37	Maltese terriers	6
Cocker spaniels	82	Yorkshire terriers	15
Collies	107	Toy terriers	8
English sheep-dogs	8	Pugs	22
Poodles	91	Toy spaniels	47
Bull-dogs	86	Italian greyhounds	4
French bull-dogs	19	Miscellaneous	9
Bull-terriers	70		

THERE IS MUCH CAUSE for rejoicing over the knowledge that Columbia has finally decided to put out a crew this year, but there is occasion for deeper satisfaction in the fact that her decision was reached through the general student body rising superior to the intolerable arrogance of Columbia's secret societies. Fraternity bitterness of spirit has warped and soured college spirit more than once, and in many another college besides Columbia. In a way, chiefly in a social way, college secret societies are not objectionable; perhaps on occasions and in particular cases they are even beneficial; but when they exalt themselves as the rulers of college athletics it is time to dispel their autocratic illusions. Such a time had arrived at Columbia, and the student body acted promptly and effectively.

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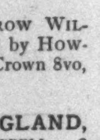

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